

RANGE BUSTERS



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COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

RANGE BUSTERS

No 8

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY

YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of **HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH** for money-making work! for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won **NEW POPULARITY** Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

#1
Pal!
Win
\$100
as I just
did!



"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Every-body admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"



You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These 5 PICTURE PACKED HE MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE

REFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for \$1

GET ALL 5 FREE



HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST

By GEORGE F. JOWETT



HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM

By GEORGE F. JOWETT



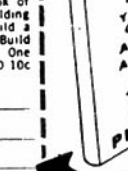
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK

By GEORGE F. JOWETT



HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP

By GEORGE F. JOWETT



HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY LEGS

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

1

2

3

4

5

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!



JIM NORMAN AFTER

He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton He says, I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle



Mail the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL, ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity.

This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)



COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle



LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER 3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN Dept. CH-53

Tell Me How To WIN \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE MEN" - M. J. Kelley, Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING 220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y. Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)

NAME _____ AGE _____ ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

RANGE BUSTERS

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RANGE BUSTERS IN The TRAITOR of EL NUEVO

STRANGERS IN TOWN, CHIP, DOODLE AND SCOTT... THE RANGE BUSTERS... ARE APPROACHED BY A SUAVE, LOCAL BUSINESSMAN.....

HEY... LOOKIT THE DRESSED UP DUDE COMIN' DOWN THE WALK, FELLERS!

LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S HEADING OUR WAY, DOESN'T IT, DOODLE?

WANTED
DEAD
OR
ALIVE
AL CARDO

WOULD YOU GENTLEMEN BE INTERESTED IN MAKING A LITTLE MONEY?

MY NAME IS DART PERKINS! IF YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE A THOUSAND DOLLARS, I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO MAKE!

A THOUSAND DOLLARS! MISTER, YOU'VE HIRED THREE MEN!

HOLD ON THERE, PARDNER! FIRST I WANT TO HEAR MISTER PERKINS SPEAK HIS PIECE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER IN DART PERKINS' TOWN OFFICE ...

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS BRING IN A HERD OF PURE-BRED COWS FROM THE RANCH OF DON PEDRO SAN QUESTO IN MEXICO! THE DON'S SELLING THE COWS CHEAP AND I NEED THEM TO BUILD UP MY HERDS!

AN'FER THAT WE DRAW A THOUSAND DOLLARS?



DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL EARN IT! ALCARDO'S IN THE HILLS AROUND DON PEDRO'S RANCH! HE'S THE SON OF DON LOBO WHO TERRORIZED THESE PARTS ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO! ALCARDO'S LIVING UP TO HIS OLD MAN'S REPUTATION! HE'S DRY-GULCHED EVERY MAN I'VE SENT DOWN THERE SO FAR AND RUSTLED OFF THE HERD!



BUT DON PEDRO'S AGREED TO TAKE THE RISK ON THIS TRY! YOU BOYS THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT!

MISTER, YOU JUST KEEP THAT MONEY WARM FOR US! WHAT DO YOU SAY, SCOTT? YOU AND DOODLE WITH ME? WE'LL TEACH THIS ALCARDO TO SAY HIS PRAYERS!



THE NEXT DAY...

THERE'S SOMETHIN' ABOUT THIS SET-UP THAT SMELLS BAD TO ME! NOTHIN' DEFINITE, BUT IF I WAS RUSTLIN' BEEF ACROSS THE BORDER, I COULDN'T THINK OF A BETTER TRAIL THAN THE ONE WE'RE RIDIN'!

MEBBE THAT'S WHY DON LOBO'S SON PICKED THESE MOUNTAINS! COULD BE HE'S IN CAHOOTS WITH THOSE FELLERS WE ROPED BACK ACROSS THE BORDER!



MIGHT BE! BUT IF THIS ALCARDO'S BEEN THROVIN' HIS LOOP WIDE OVER THE BORDER, SEEMS LIKE WE'D HEARD OF IT AFORE THIS!

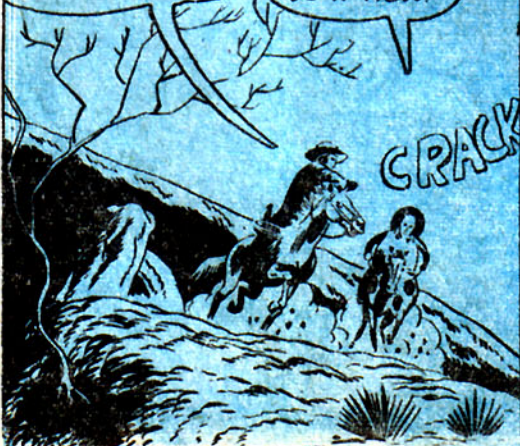
WELL, WE'RE GONNA HEAR OF IT NOW!



THE WARNING WAS NONE TOO SOON...

BUSHWACKERS! AN' THEY'RE ON OUR BACKS! MAKE A RUN FOR IT!

PETUNIA, IF YOU AIN'T NEVER RUN BEFORE, DO IT NOW!



BUT AROUND A BEND IN THE PASS ...

REIN UP, SEÑORES, AND DROP YOUR GUNS! ALCARDO EES NOT KNOWN FOR HIS LOVE OF GRINGOS!



THEES EES ALL THE
MONEY YOU HAVE
SEÑOR? A PITY!
DON PEDRO IS
GIVING THE COWS
AWAY, NO?

YOU SURE YOU'RE
RIDIN' THE
RIGHT HERD?
MEBBE OUR
BUSINESS AIN'T
WITH DON PEDRO!



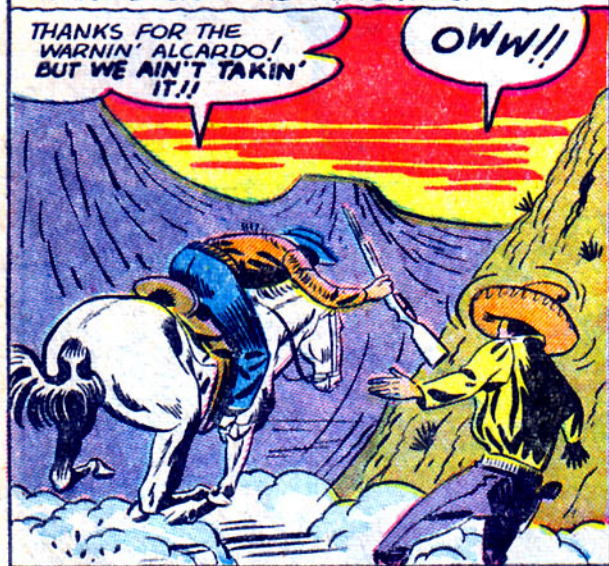
I AM NO FOOL, SEÑOR, AND UNLESS YOU ARE
ONE YOU WILL RETURN TO YOUR OWN COUNTRY!
WE DO NOT WISH TO SHOOT YOU! AS YOU SEE, MY
MEN HAVE REPLACED THEIR WEAPONS! NOW,
GET BACK ON YOUR HORSES!



THINKING AND ACTING AS ONE MAN, THE
RANGE BUSTERS WENT INTO ACTION...

THANKS FOR THE
WARNIN' ALCARDO!
BUT WE AIN'T TAKIN'
IT!!

OWW!!



WE'RE STICKIN' TO THE SAME
TRAIL WE STARTED!
C'MON BOYS, HOIST
YOUR BRONCS!

KEEP RIDIN'
SCOTT! WE'RE
ON YORE HEELS!

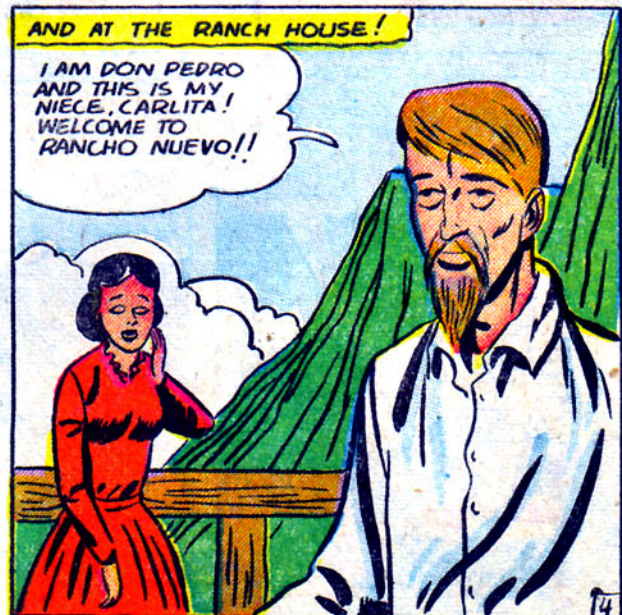


THAT MUST
BE RANCH NUEVO
UP AHEAD!!



AND AT THE RANCH HOUSE!

I AM DON PEDRO
AND THIS IS MY
NIECE, CARLITA!
WELCOME TO
RANCHO NUEVO!!



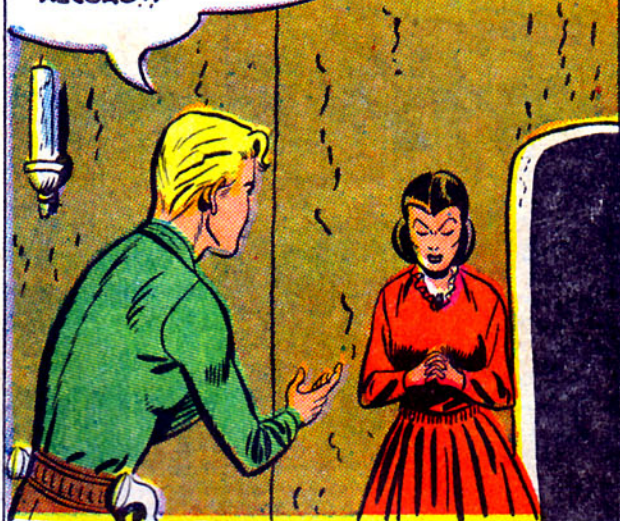
INSIDE THE RANCH HOUSE, CARLITA LISTENED WITH TROUBLED INTENSITY, AS THE RANGE BUSTERS TOLD OF THEIR NARROW ESCAPE FROM ALCARDO!

THEN IT'S TRUE! ALCARDO HAS FOLLOWED IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HIS FATHER! I AM SORRY I DOUBTED YOU, UNCLE!

MY NIECE IMAGINES HERSELF IN LOVE WITH THIS ALCARDO, SEÑORES! BUT I HAVE OPPOSED THE RELATIONSHIP! BAD BLOOD ALWAYS TELLS!

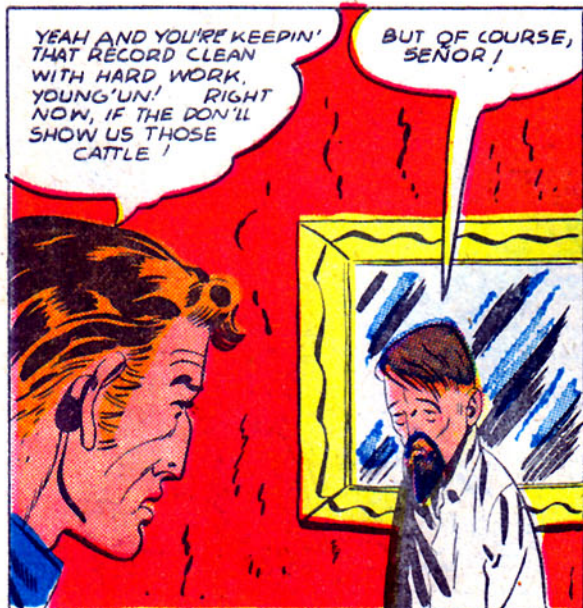


I'M WITH YOU, SEÑOR! THE SEÑORITA'S LUCKY NOT TO BE TANGLED UP WITH AN HOMBRE LIKE THAT! NOW ME, I'VE GOT A PURTY CLEAN RECORD!!



YEAH AND YOU'RE KEEPIN' THAT RECORD CLEAN WITH HARD WORK, YOUNG'UN! RIGHT NOW, IF THE DON'T SHOW US THOSE CATTLE!

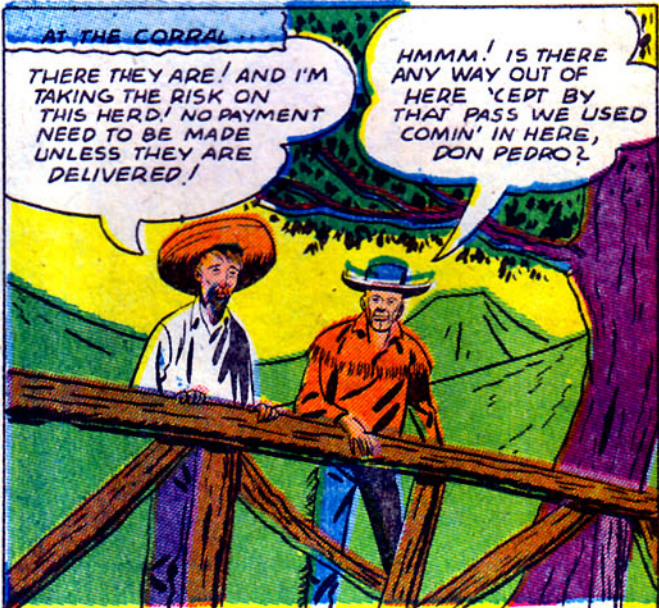
BUT OF COURSE, SEÑOR!



AT THE CORRAL

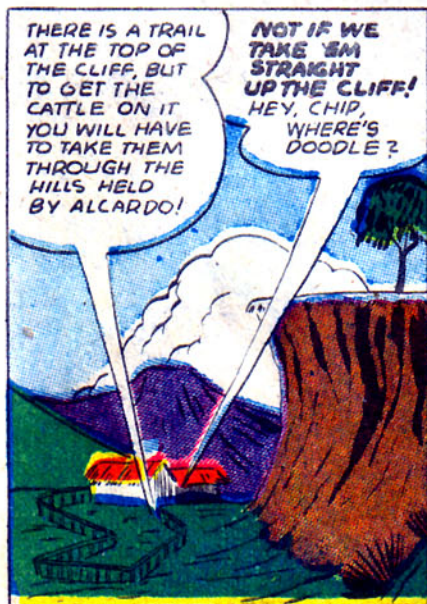
THERE THEY ARE! AND I'M TAKING THE RISK ON THIS HERD! NO PAYMENT NEED TO BE MADE UNLESS THEY ARE DELIVERED!

HMMM! IS THERE ANY WAY OUT OF HERE 'CEPT BY THAT PASS WE USED COMIN' IN HERE, DON PEDRO?



THERE IS A TRAIL AT THE TOP OF THE CLIFF, BUT TO GET THE CATTLE ON IT YOU WILL HAVE TO TAKE THEM THROUGH THE HILLS HELD BY ALCARDO!

NOT IF WE TAKE 'EM STRAIGHT UP THE CLIFF! HEY, CHIP, WHERE'S DOODLE?



IN THE RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN

EET IS WONDERFUL HOW YOU SAVED YOUR FRIENDS FROM ALCARDO!

I DIDN'T MESS HIM UP NONE! BUT WHEN I PLINKED THAT GUN OUT OF HIS HAND, I SHORE HAD HIM SCARED!



I WOULD NOT SAY THAT, SEÑOR! HOW'S THIS!

ALCARDO!

CRACK!





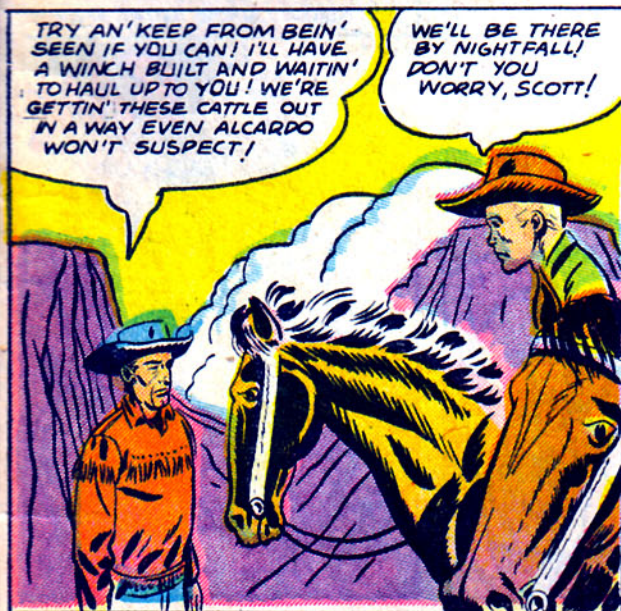
EES, THEES THE BRAVE
SEÑOR WHO PUTS THE
SCARE IN ALCARDO!
HA! HA! I TOLD YOU
WE'D FIND HIM
HERE SCOTT!

DANG FOOL! YO'RE LUCKY
I DIDN'T VENTILATE YUH!
IF I HADN'T RECOGNIZED
YUH IN TIME...



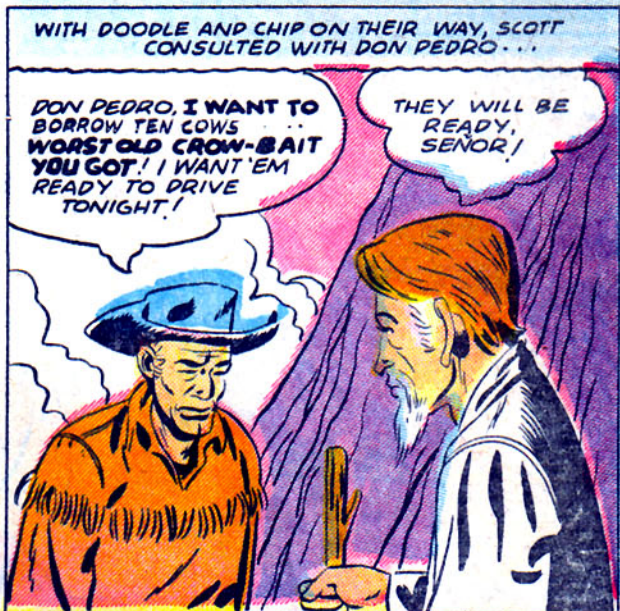
WELL, DON'T SHOOT
YET, DOODLE! SCOTT
HAS A JOB FOR US
FIRST!

THAT'S RIGHT! I WANT
YOU TWO TO RIDE BACK
THROUGH THE HILLS AND GET
UP ON THE CLIFF OVER
THIS PLACE!



TRY AN' KEEP FROM BEIN'
SEEN IF YOU CAN! I'LL HAVE
A WINCH BUILT AND WAITIN'
TO HAUL UP TO YOU! WE'RE
GETTIN' THESE CATTLE OUT
IN A WAY EVEN ALCARDO
WON'T SUSPECT!

WE'LL BE THERE
BY NIGHTFALL!
DON'T YOU
WORRY, SCOTT!



WITH DOODLE AND CHIP ON THEIR WAY, SCOTT
CONSULTED WITH DON PEDRO...

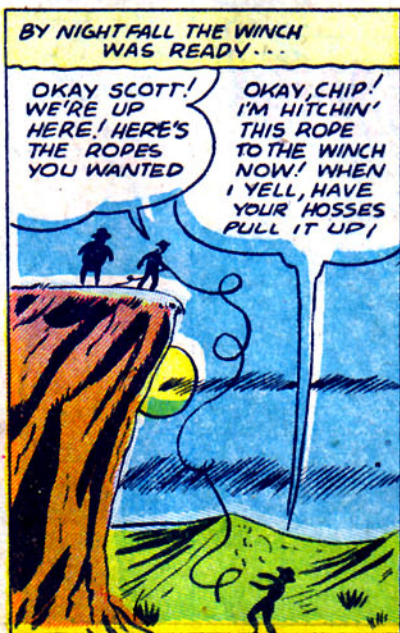
DON PEDRO, I WANT TO
BORROW TEN COWS
WORST OLD CROW-BAIT
YOU GOT! I WANT 'EM
READY TO DRIVE
TONIGHT!

THEY WILL BE
READY,
SEÑOR!



SEÑOR, YOUR
PLAN... WILL
IT
INCLUDE
KILLING
ALCARDO?
I...

YOU STILL LOVE
HIM, DON'T YOU!
WE'LL GIVE HIM
EVERY CHANCE!
WE WON'T TURN
OUR GUNS AGIN'
HIM UNLESS
THERE'S NO OTHER
WAY!



BY NIGHTFALL THE WINCH
WAS READY...

OKAY SCOTT!
WE'RE UP
HERE! HERE'S
THE ROPES
YOU WANTED

OKAY, CHIP!
I'M HITCHIN'
THIS ROPE
TO THE WINCH
NOW! WHEN
I YELL, HAVE
YOUR HOSSES
PULL IT UP!



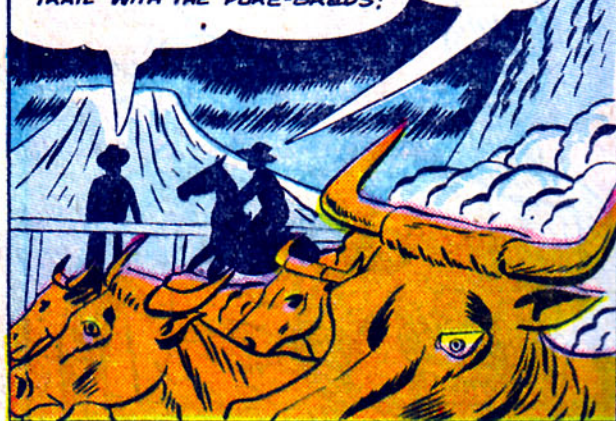
THE BAWLING OF FRIGHTENED
CATTLE WAS ALMOST
DEAFENING

NOW IF
ONLY ALCARDO
DON'T GET WIND
AT WHAT WE'RE
DOIN'; THIS OUGHTA
WORK REAL NICE!
I BETTER START HITTIN'
THE TRAIL WITH THE DECOYS!

DON PEDRO HAD BEEN AS GOOD AS HIS WORD! AND A SCRAWNY, VALUELESS HERD WAS WAITING...

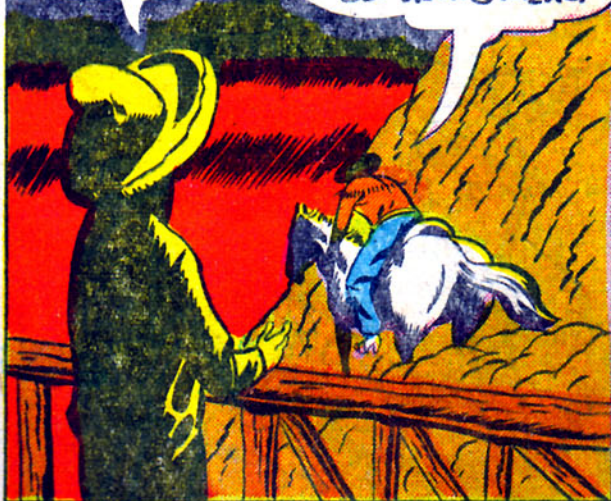
AH, I SEE! YOU DRIVE THE WORTHLESS CATTLE THROUGH THE HILLS! ALCARDO ATTACKS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ESCAPE ALONG THE OTHER TRAIL WITH THE PURE-BREDS!

THAT'S WHAT I'M HOPIN' FOR!



BUT WAIT, SEÑOR! HOW DO YOU ESCAPE ALCARDO?

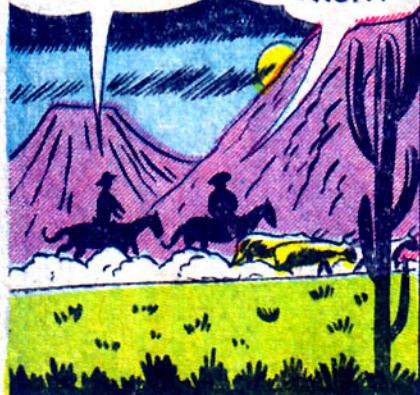
THAT, DON PEDRO, IS SOMETHIN' I AIN'T FIGGERED OUT YET! GET ALONG THERE!



MEANWHILE---

HE'S GONNA MEET ALCARDO HIMSELF! DOODLE, ARE WE GONNA LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT... HOGGIN' ALL THE FUN?

WELL NOW, CHIP, SCOTT SAID TO STAY WITH THIS HERD, AN' I... I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW!



IF YOU'RE AFRAID OF ALCARDO, YOU CAN STAY HERE!

WELL TARNATION! WAIT FER A FELLER, CAN'T YUH! I WAS ONLY HOSSIN' AROUND!



AN HOUR LATER IN THE PASS---

A TRAP! AND I WALKED RIGHT INTO IT!

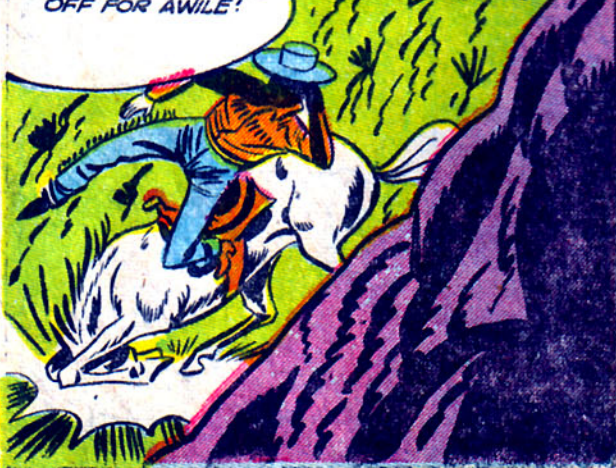
BANG!



A BULLET FELLED SCOTT'S HORSE AS...

THERE'S NO ESCAPE NOW! IF I CAN MAKE THAT ROCK, I CAN HOLD 'EM OFF FOR AWILE!

BANG!

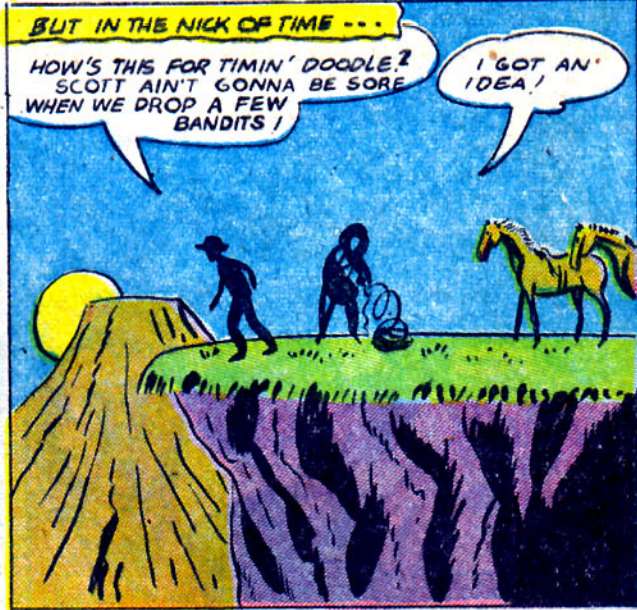


THAT ROCK WILL NOT PROTECT YOU FROM BEHIND, HOMBRE! YOU ARE SURROUNDED! SURRENDER OR DIE!





I'VE STUCK MY WHOLE FOOL NECK INTO IT NOW! BUT I'M TAKIN' A COUPLE OF YOU WITH ME!



BUT IN THE NICK OF TIME ...

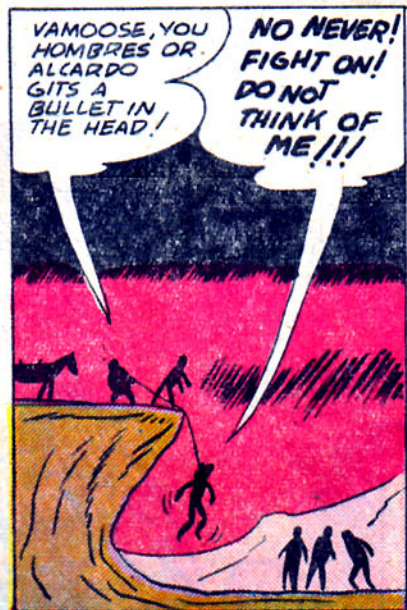
HOW'S THIS FOR TIMIN' DOODLE? SCOTT AIN'T GONNA BE SORE WHEN WE DROP A FEW BANDITS!

I GOT AN IDEA!



PADRE DIOS! QUE PASA?

ON THE LEDGE!



VAMOOSE, YOU HOMBRES OR. ALCARDO GITS A BULLET IN THE HEAD!

NO NEVER! FIGHT ON! DO NOT THINK OF ME!!!

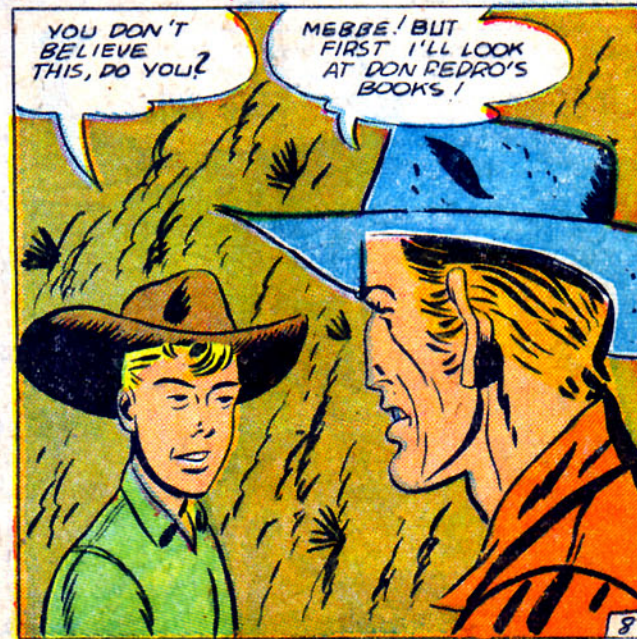


BUT HIS MEN FELL BACK INSTEAD ...

KILL ME IF YOU WISH! I DID NOT WISH TO KILL YOU! I AM NO BANDIT!



RANCHO NUEVO BELONGS TO CARLITA! DON PEDRO IS ONLY HER GUARDIAN! I DO NOT KNOW WHY, BUT DON PEDRO WISHES TO BANKRUPT THE RANCH! I FOUND OUT AND HE DROVE ME INTO THE HILLS! NOW I TRY TO STOP HIM THE ONLY WAY I CAN, BY DRIVING THE CATTLE BACK TO THE RANCH!

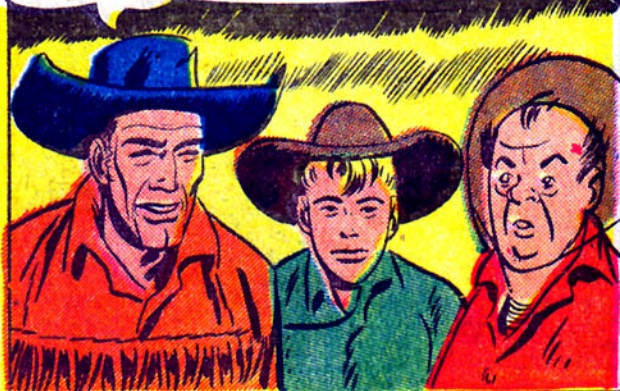


YOU DON'T BELIEVE THIS, DO YOU?

MEBBE! BUT FIRST I'LL LOOK AT DON PEDRO'S BOOKS!

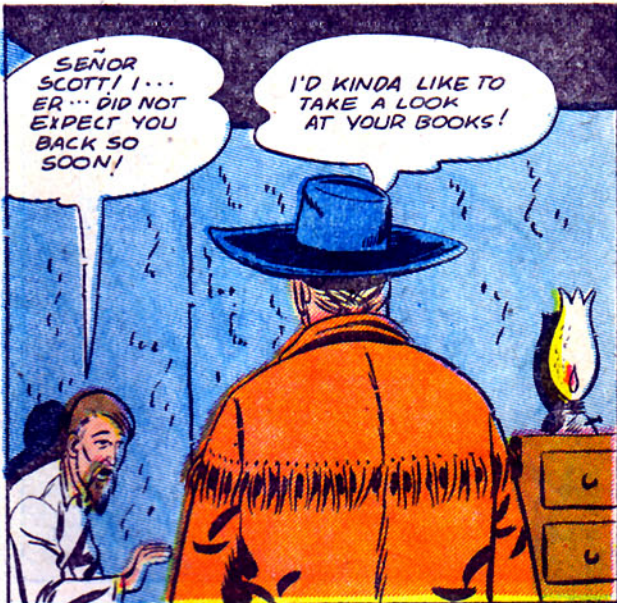
WITH THEIR PRISONER IN TOW, THE RANGE BUSTERS MADE THEIR SECOND VISIT TO RANCH NUEVO...

LOOKS FROM HERE LIKE THERE'S A LIGHT IN DON PEDRO'S OFFICE! DOODLE, YOU STAY HERE WITH ALCARDO! CHIP, YOU COME WITH ME AN' KEEP AN EYE PEELED ON THE OUTSIDE!



SEÑOR SCOTT! I... ER... DID NOT EXPECT YOU BACK SO SOON!

I'D KINDA LIKE TO TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR BOOKS!



OOOPS! THE LAMP! I---



STAND BACK, SEÑOR! YOU ARE FAST AND CLEVER! CLEVER AS ALCARDO! I SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE! BUT I WILL NOT MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE WITH YOU!



AGGH!



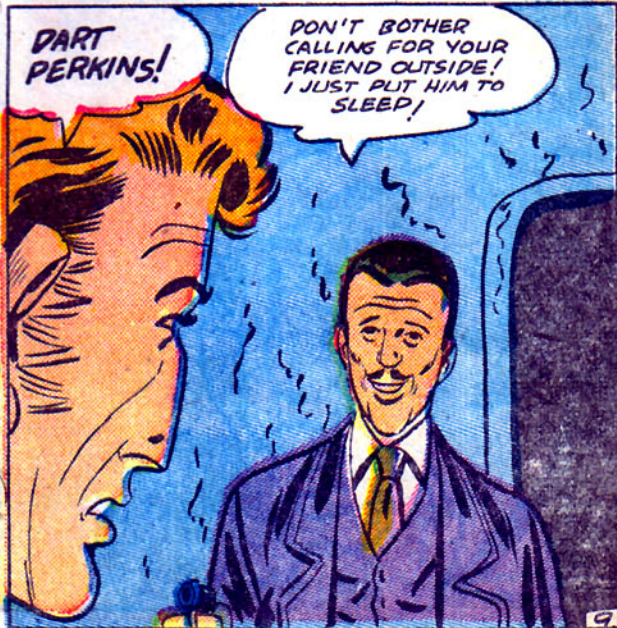
GET TO YOUR FEET! YOU AND I ARE GOIN' TO HAVE A LONG TALK!

YOU'RE WRONG, COWBOY! IT'LL BE A SHORT ONE! VERY SHORT!



DART PERKINS!

DON'T BOTHER CALLING FOR YOUR FRIEND OUTSIDE! I JUST PUT HIM TO SLEEP!



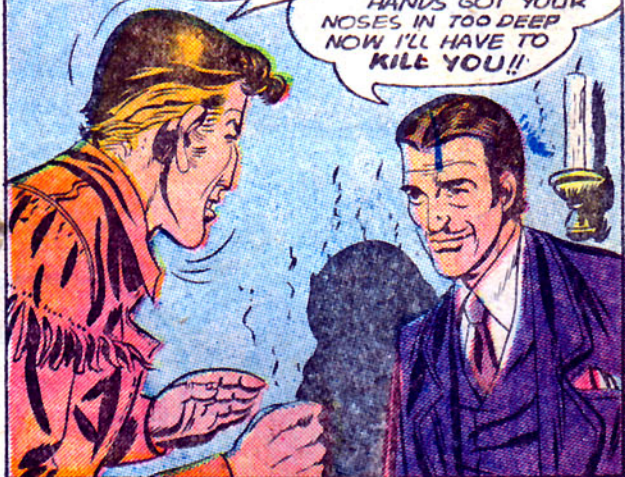
THE OLD MAN HERE WAS DRIVING THE RANCH BANKRUPT SO I COULD TAKE OVER! MY BOYS WERE HAVIN' TROUBLE GETTIN' RID OF THESE RUSTLED COWS! BUT WITH THIS RANCH, WE COULD DRIVE 'EM DOWN AND SELL 'EM FROM HERE!



BUT ALCARDO GOT WISE AN' CAUSED TROUBLE! YOU SENT US DOWN HOPIN' WE COULD ROPE HIM FOR YOU!

CORRECT!!

IT ALSO GOT YOU AND YOUR PALS OUT OF OUR HAIR! BUT IT WAS A MISTAKE! YOU COW-HANDS GOT YOUR NOSES IN TOO DEEP NOW I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU!!



I THINK NOT, HOMBRES! DROP YOUR PISTOLS TO THE FLOOR!!

HUH?



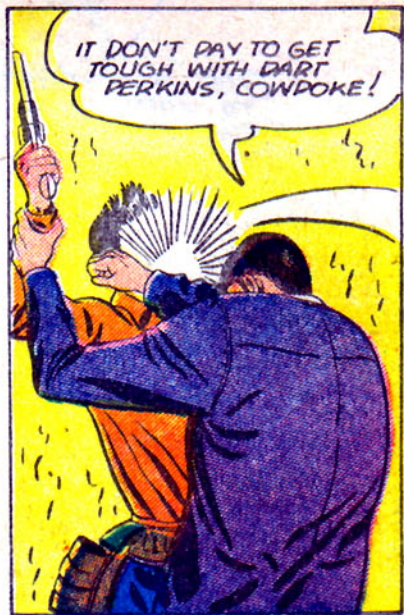
SCOTT SEIZED HIS CHANCE...



OW!

BANG!

IT DON'T PAY TO GET TOUGH WITH DART PERKINS, COWPOKE!



STOMP HIM, SCOTT! AN' DON'T NONE OF THE REST OF YUH INTERFERE! JEST PAW TH' SKY!!

OOO-OFF!

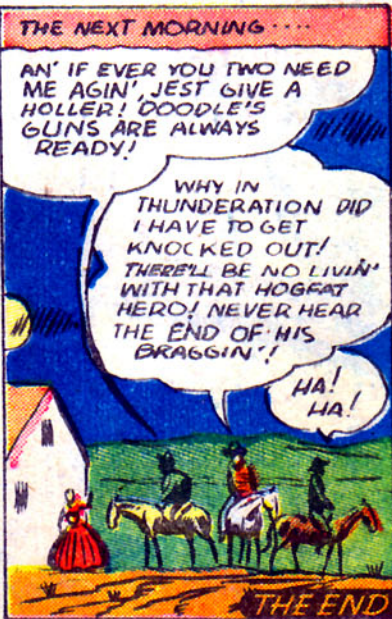


THE NEXT MORNING...

AN' IF EVER YOU TWO NEED ME AGIN', JEST GIVE A HOLLER! DOODLE'S GUNS ARE ALWAYS READY!

WHY IN THUNDERATION DID I HAVE TO GET KNOCKED OUT! THERE'LL BE NO LIVIN' WITH THAT HOGFAT HERO! NEVER HEAR THE END OF HIS BRAGGIN'!

HA! HA!

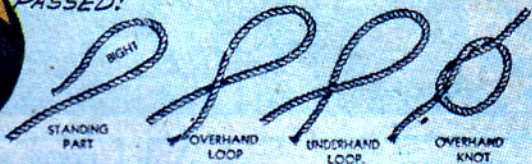


THE END

KNOTS



THIS IS YOUR OLD TRAPPER FRIEND, HANK DALER. I'M GOING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT KNOTS, WHICH MAY BE OF SOME HELP TO YOU SOME DAY! THE ROPE HAS TWO PARTS... THE **END** IS THE SHORT, FREE PART WITH WHICH KNOTS ARE TIED! THE **STANDING PART** IS THE REST OF THE ROPE! ALL KNOTS ARE MADE BY COMBINING **BIGHTS**, **LOOPS** AND **OVERHANDS** IN DIFFERENT WAYS! A **BIGHT** IS FORMED BY TURNING THE END OF THE ROPE SO THAT THE END AND THE STANDING PART LIE ALONGSIDE EACH OTHER! AN **UNDERHAND LOOP** IS MADE BY CROSSING THE END OVER THE STANDING PART! AN **OVERHAND KNOT** IS A LOOP THROUGH WHICH THE END HAS BEEN PASSED!



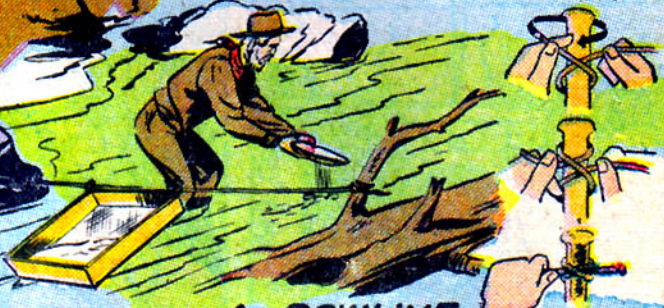
THE SHEETBEND KNOT TO JOIN TWO ROPES

FORM A BIGHT IN HEAVIER ROPE! BRING UP THE OTHER ROPE END THROUGH THE BIGHT, TWIST IT OVER AND UNDER THE BIGHT, THEN BRING IT UNDER ITSELF!



THE CLOVE HITCH KNOT TO ATTACH A ROPE TO A POST OR RAIL

PASS THE ROPE END AROUND THE RAIL! LAY IT OVER THE ROPE ITSELF! BRING END AROUND THE RAIL ONCE MORE! CARRY THE END THE ROPE ITSELF!



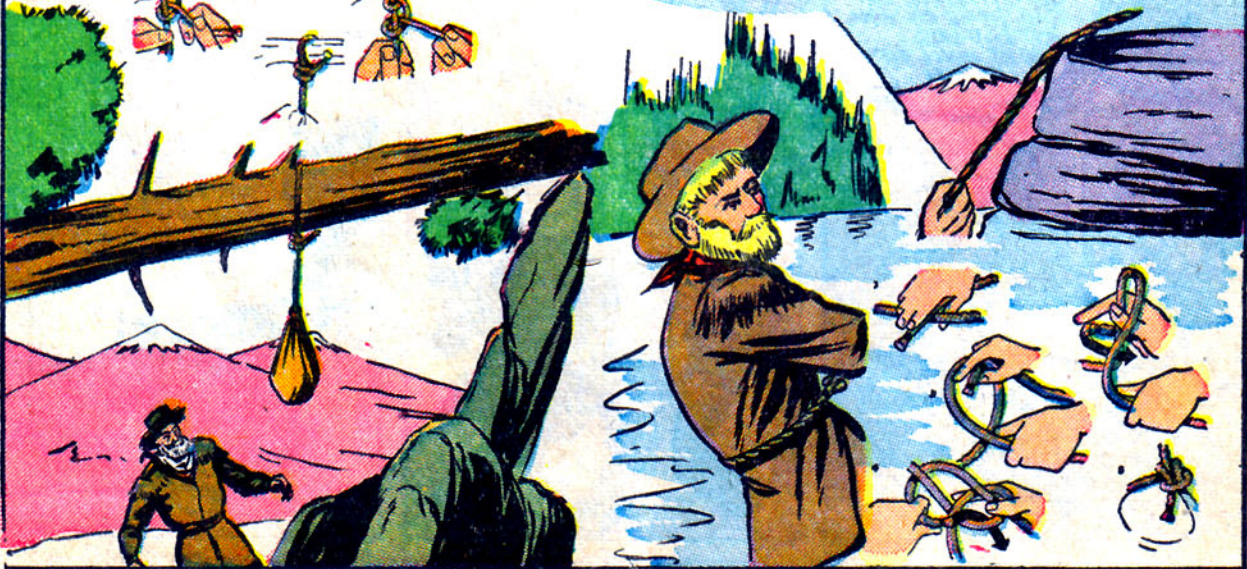
TWO HALF HITCHES KNOT TO ATTACH A ROPE TO A POST OR RAIL

PASS THE ROPE AROUND THE RAIL OR THROUGH THE RING! CARRY THE ROPE END OVER AND UNDER ITS OWN STANDING PART, AND THROUGH THE LOOP THUS FORMED! REPEAT THE PROCESS...



A BOWLINE KNOT TO FASTEN END OF ROPE AROUND YOUR WAIST

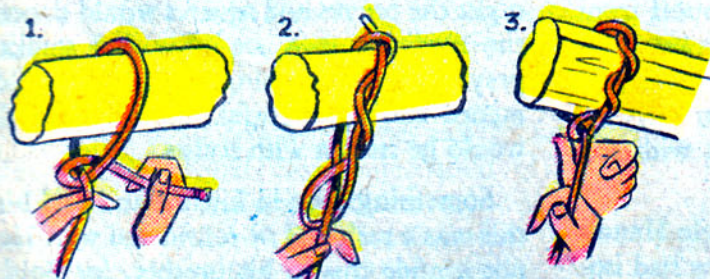
THIS IS USEFUL AS A RESCUE KNOT IN FIRES, MOUNTAIN CLIMBING AND BOATING ACCIDENTS. PLACE END ON STANDING PART, WITH TWIST OF HAND CARRY END AROUND THROUGH THE LOOP FORMED. BRING THE END AROUND THE STANDING PART AND DOWN THROUGH THE LOOP!



AND NOW WE'LL GO ON TO SOME MORE HELPFUL AND USEFUL KNOTS!

TIMBER HITCH

PASS END OF ROPE UNDER AND AROUND LOG. CARRY END UNDER AND OVER THE STANDING PART. TWIST THE END AROUND ITS OWN PART A FEW TIMES.



TAUTLINE HITCH

THIS KNOT FORMS A LOOP WHICH WILL NOT SLIP WHEN ROPE IS TAUT, BUT WILL SLIP WHEN TENSION IS RELEASED! IT IS USEFUL FOR TYING TENT GUY LINES TO PEGS! IT IS TIED THE SAME AS TWO HALF HITCHES, EXCEPT THAT THERE IS AN EXTRA TURN AROUND THE STANDING PART, IN THE DIRECTION OF THE STRAIN.



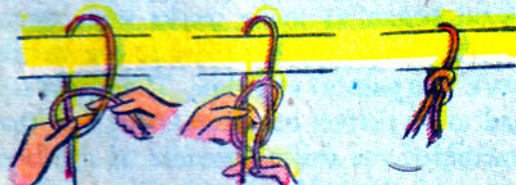
ASSORTED KNOTS



BOWLINE ON A BIGHT



SHEEPSHANK



SLIP KNOT



HITCHING TIE



GIRTH HITCH

STEVEDORE



PIPE HITCH

BAGGATAWAY

Little Hand sat apart from his people, staring into the great forest. Alone and unseen, he had come there to meditate, absenting himself from the ceremonial Dance of the Baggataway. Nobody would miss him while the ritual was still in progress. He was only an onlooker anyway, being too young to take part along with the braves.

A problem weighed heavily on Little Hand's mind and it was for this reason that he had isolated himself to consult the Great Spirit. Neither the wisdom of his elders nor of any mortal man would avail.

The problem had presented itself two days before when Little Hand concealed himself in the brush near the council fire. There he had listened apprehensively while his brother, Bold Eagle, addressed the other braves of the tribe, exhorting them to war.

"We have allowed the White Man to drive us from the land of our fathers," Bold Eagle had said, "and the Great Spirit is displeased. This is why he has sent down the sun to burn our crops and fire to drive the game from our forests. This is why we are without food as the big snow draws near."

There had been grunts of agreement as Bold Eagle went on. "The White Man tells us that the Great White Father in the East will send food. But we have waited and no food has come. We can no longer trust the White Man. He must be driven out so that our Great Spirit will smile upon us again."

Then Bold Eagle had outlined his plan. All the braves of the tribe would be summoned together for a game of Baggataway—the game the White Man called Lacrosse. They would play in the field by the White Man's log war-house. The braves would carry only their Baggataway sticks, but their squaws would have tomahawks concealed beneath their skirts. Then, when the White Man came forth from his war-house to watch the game, the braves would attack, and by sunset, the White Man's scalp and food would be theirs.

Even now, as Little Hand sat alone, the ceremonial prelude to massacre was underway. All night the braves and squaws would dance while the medicine men sat aside and smoked and prayed. In the morning, the game would commence and by nightfall the white settlement would be strewn with scalps.

Something deep in Little Hand told him that this was a rash and ill-considered war. He could not confide this to his brother, for Bold Eagle would only become angry and call him a papoose. He could not go to warn the White Man, for then his own people would be slaughtered. Somehow he would have to prevent the war himself even at the risk of being cast out of his tribe.

Toward morning, the boy conceived a daring plan. Racing back to his tent, he severed the paws from a grizzly bear skin his father had given him long ago. Binding them into a bundle and snatching up a clay jar, he resumed unnoticed his place among the spectators at the Baggataway dance.

By sunup, the game had started. But only braves were allowed to play while Little Hand and a group of other boys were stationed on a nearby hill to guard the papooses left in their safekeeping. From below them rose the tantalizing noise and clamor of the game they could not see and Little Hand seized his chance. "There is no need," he said, "for all of us to guard the papooses. You go on to the game and I will stay."

Just as he had expected, Little Hand's companions were off without question. Now he could carry out his plan.

Fastening the bear paws to his feet, Little Hand began to make tracks with them, first around the papooses, then into the woods. The work was painful and slow. The tracks not only had to be perfect but deep enough so that they resembled the rolling waddle of the bear. For two miles, Little Hand made them until he came to a hard, stony place where they would no longer show.

Racing back to the hill, he took six of the papooses out of their pouches, removing the sleeping babies to a hiding place he had prepared

for them in the woods. Back among the remaining papooses, he smeared the empty pouches with rabbit's blood from the clay jar.

Within minutes, Little Hand was running down the hill toward the game shouting, "Bear! Bear!" at the top of his lungs. The game ceased abruptly while he told his story—a bear had attacked the papooses and made off with six of them.

One look at the bloody pouches and the game was forgotten amid the consternation of the braves and the agonized shrieks of bereaved squaws. Some of the braves started back to their tents for bows and arrows. Others, finding the tracks, started to follow them.

Unnoticed in the excitement, Little Hand slipped off into the woods, racing back to where he had left off making the tracks. On the opposite side of the stony place, he began again, working furiously to extend the trail.

Little Hand prayed that he would be able to lead the braves far enough away so that they could not return to the playing field before dark. By that time, the white men would have returned to their war house and safety, for his tribe was not strong enough to attack them there.

An hour passed. Little Hand could not yet hear the braves behind him. He knew they would be moving slowly and cautiously, waiting for their companions who had gone after the bows and arrows. He knew, too, that often a bear doubles back on his tracks to ambush his attackers, which would also hinder the advance, for not even the boldest of braves would risk facing a bear armed with only a tomahawk.

Then, suddenly, Little Hand heard a twig snap behind him. Wheeling around, he found himself staring into the fury-hard eyes of Bold Eagle, his brother. Without a word, Bold Eagle seized Little Hand and flung him to the ground.

Little Hand lay stunned. He stared at the tomahawk upraised in his brother's hand. It was all over now. He had failed. Bold Eagle would have no qualms about slaying him. The massacre would take place and even if Bold Eagle were to spare his life, he had lost all chance of ever becoming a brave.

The brothers stared at one another, speechless.

Then with a grunt of disgust, Bold Eagle let his arm fall back to his side. With the leather thongs from the bear paws, he bound Little Hand, tossing the helpless boy over his shoulder and marching with him back to the hill.

There, while Bold Eagle told what had happened, several of the braves took Little Hand and bound him to a tree. All about him were cold, hard faces. Little Hand knew that death was inevitable. He was not a brave and never would be, but at least he could die like one.

Like a bird, hypnotized with fear by a snake, Little Hand watched as the first tomahawk flew toward him from his brother's hand. But it only grazed his ear, imbedding itself in the tree. Little Hand understood. Bold Eagle's aim was unerring—but even in this moment of supreme disgrace, he could not bring himself to kill his brother with his own hand.

Then another brave stepped forward. Little Hand braced himself. He knew that this tomahawk would not miss its mark.

Suddenly, a great shout went up from several members of the tribe. The brave with the tomahawk turned to see where another was pointing. Little Hand twisted his head about and looked. Far up the valley, below the hill, he saw a great cloud of dust.

Then deep in his heart, he uttered a prayer of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit. It was the White Man's wagon train with the promised food from the Great White Father in the East.

The Indians turned and looked at Little Hand. There would also be soldiers in the wagon train. They would have paid for the massacre with all their lives.

Bold Eagle stepped forward and released his brother from the rawhide bonds. "In Thunder Bird, our father," he told the tribe, "there was great wisdom. Now he is with the Great Spirit, but his wisdom is still with us in the heart of my brother. Soon we shall all share in this wisdom for Little Hand has become a brave and will impart it to us at the council fire."

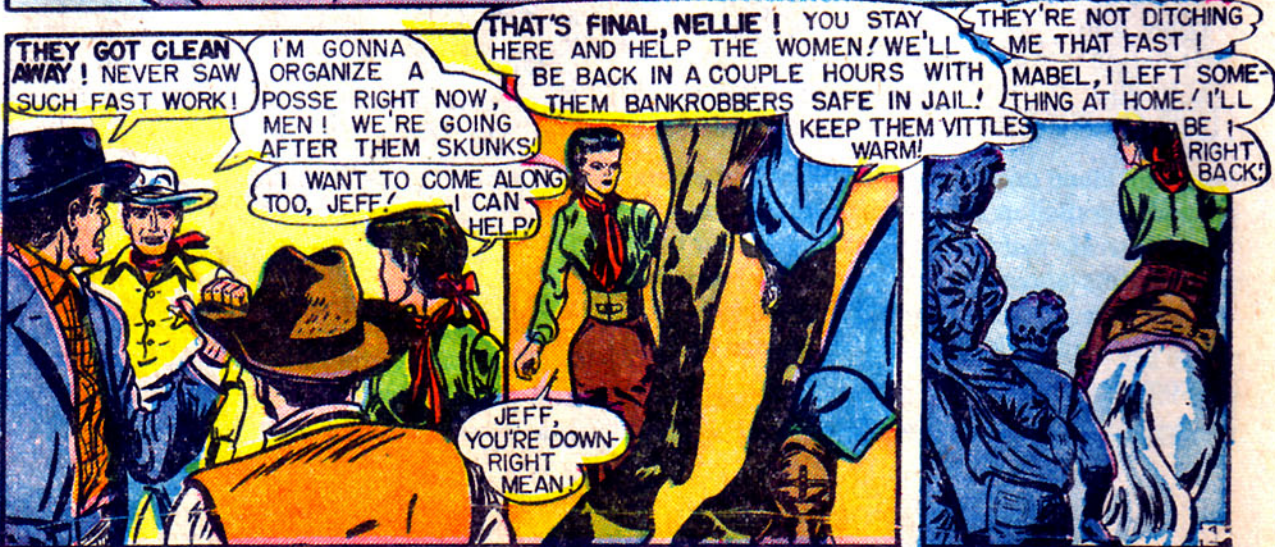
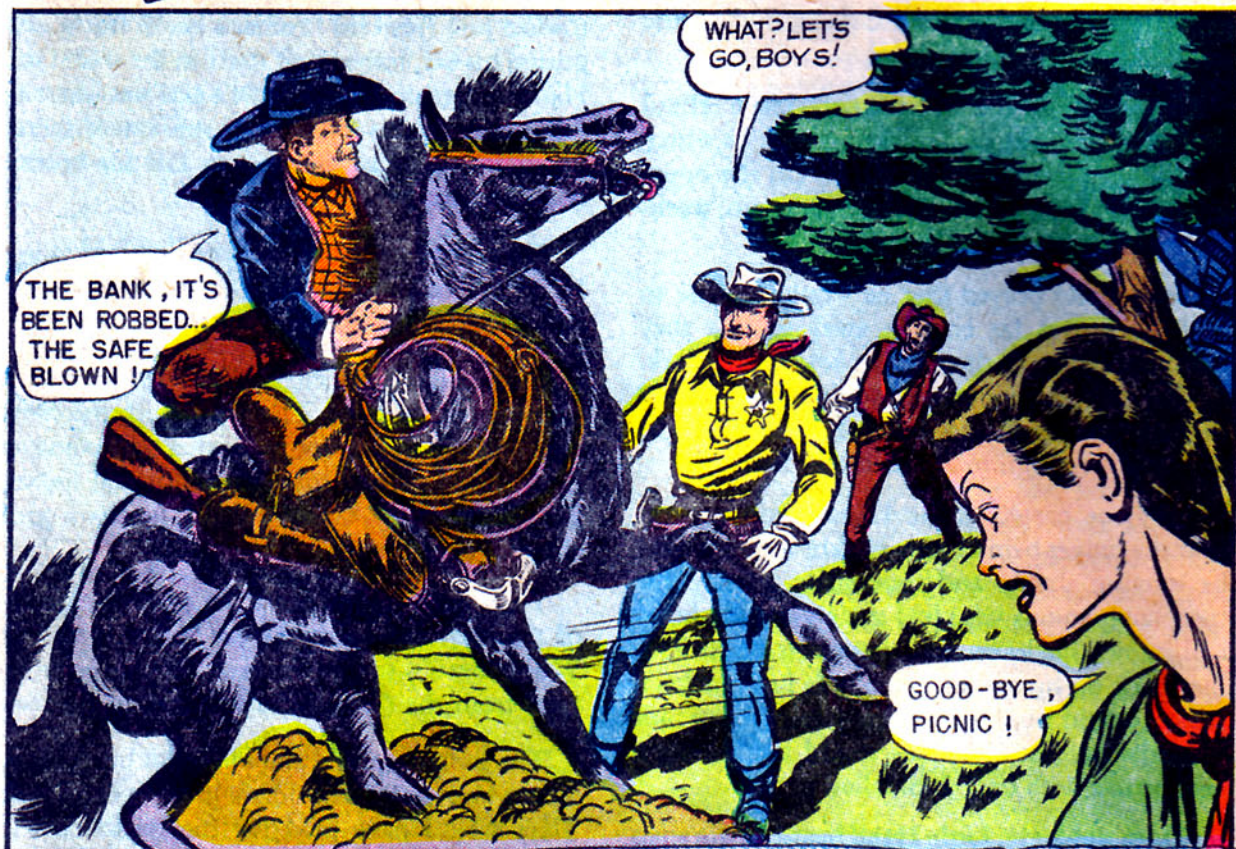
There was a grunt of approval from the tribe and the two brothers stood before their people side by side, straight and proud.

CACTUS NELL'S

DANGEROUS GAMBLE

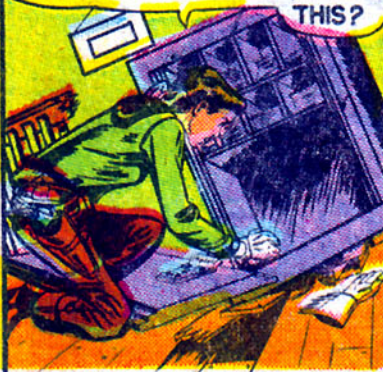
THE TOUGH LITTLE TOWN OF SCRUB OAKS WAS CELEBRATING TWO UNINTERRUPTED WEEKS OF PEACE AND QUIET...

SHERIFF JEFF CARSON WAS HAPPY TO SEE HIS WIFE NELLIE THROW HOT CAKES INTO THE AIR RATHER THAN HOT LEAD! BUT A FEW HOURS AFTER THE START OF THE PICNIC!



HALF HOUR LATER, NELLIE ENTERS THE SCRUB OAKS NATIONAL BANK.

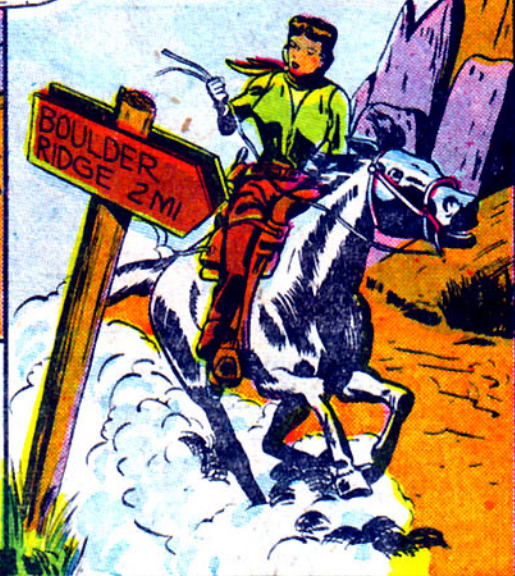
WHEW! THEY SURE DID A THOROUGH JOB! HEY, WHAT'S THIS?



FUSE CORD! THEY USED DYNAMITE AND PROBABLY GOT IT AT GIMPLER'S OVER IN BOULDER RIDGE. THIS GLOVE WAS LEFT BEHIND TOO! I'LL LEAVE JEFF A NOTE I'M OFF TO BOULDER RIDGE!



IT'S A CLUE! HOPE IT LEADS ME TO THE THIEVES!



YEAH, WE SELL DYNAMITE! SOLD SOME TO A FEW PEOPLE THIS WEEK. LES SEE, JORDAN FOR HIS FENCE POST - THAT INJUN FOR HIS MINE AND STEVE JUDSON, THE GAMBLER. DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'D USE IT FOR!

JUDSON, HMM-- GUESS I CAN FIND HIM AT THE BOULDER RIDGE GAMBLING CASINO!



THIS ISN'T EXACTLY A PLACE FOR A LADY, BUT WHEN YOU FOLLOW TROUBLE, YOU CAN'T BE CHOOSY!



SAY, STRINGBEAN, WHICH ONE OF THESE CARD SHARKS IS STEVE JUDSON!

RIGHT THERE, MA'M! BUT A PURTY GAL LIKE YOU OUGHT'NT TO MESS WITH A GAMBLIN' SKUNK LIKE THAT!



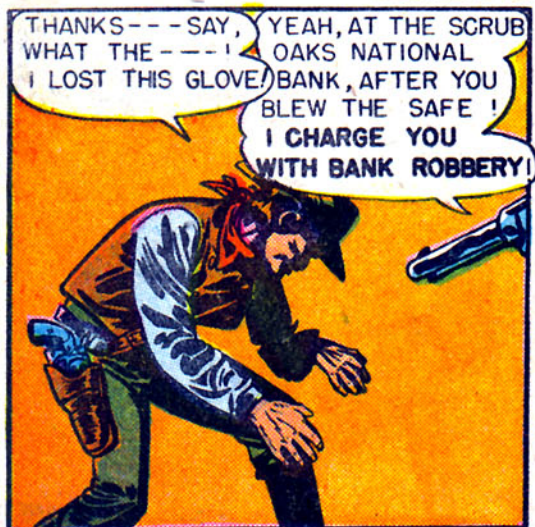
I AIN'T PLAYING WITH NO WOMAN, BOYS! I'LL MEET YOU LATER AT MY ROOM!

UNSOCIALABLE CUSS, AREN'T YOU? SAY, YOU DROPPED SOMETHIN!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT? I THOUGHT I'D BE DEALT IN ON A NICE SOCIABLE HAND OF FARO, AND TRY TO WIN BACK WHAT SCRUB OAKS NATIONAL LOST!



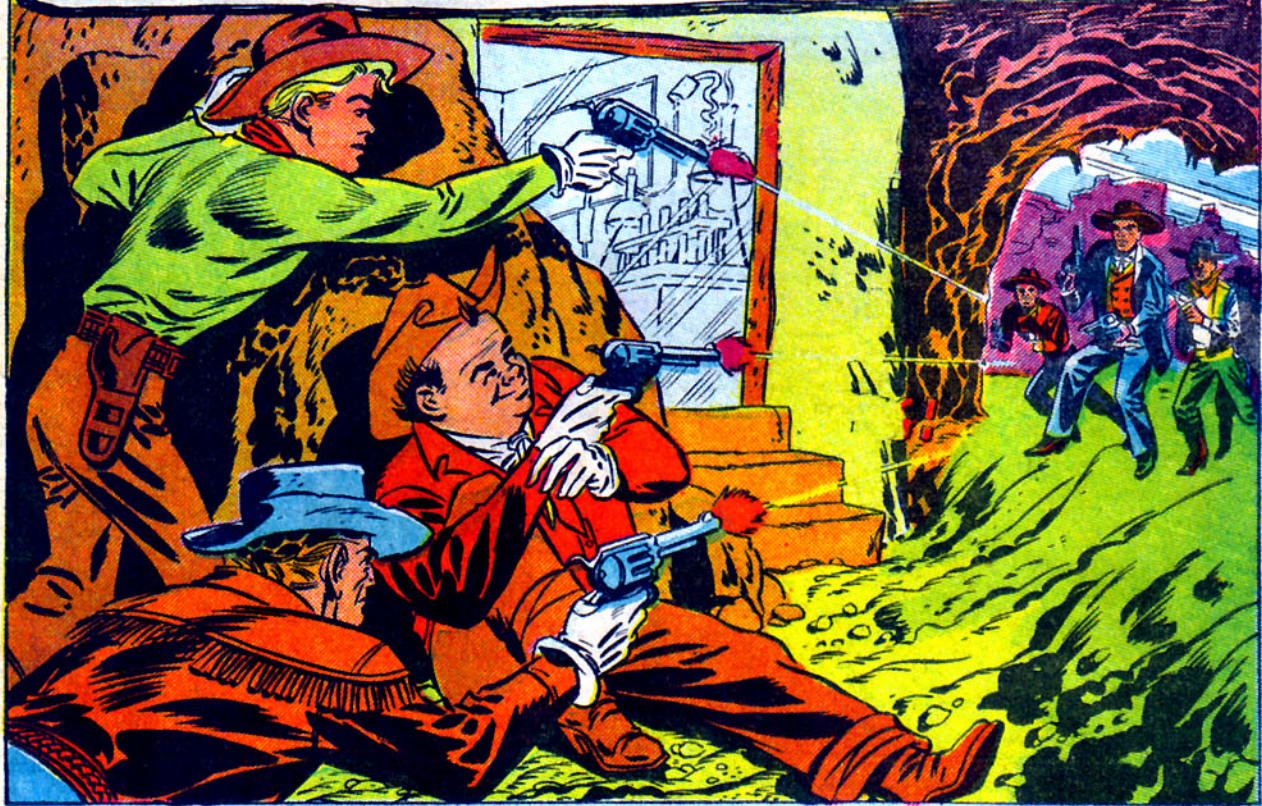
RANGE BUSTERS



THE END

Range Busters IN VANISHING GOLD

A FORTUNE IN GOLD BULLION RODE THE DEATH VALLEY STAGE COACH! BUT ON EACH TRIP, COLD BLOODED KILLERS MASSACRED ITS GUARDS AND THE SOLID, GLITTERING BLOCKS, WORTH A KING'S RANSOM, DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR! INTO THIS MAZE OF DEATH AND DOUBLE DEALING RODE THE RANGE BUSTERS, FACING BLISTERING SIX-GUNS AND RUTHLESS RENEGADES, TO FIND THE SECRET OF THE "VANISHING GOLD"



WHEN THE SITUATION IN DEATH VALLEY BECAME DESPERATE, SHERIFF WESLEY SENT FOR THE RANGE BUSTERS! NOW, IN ANSWER TO HIS APPEAL, THE FAMED TRIO WERE RIDING TO THE RESCUE!

WHAT'S SHERIFF FERRIS SO STIRRED UP ABOUT, SCOTT?

THERE'S BEEN AN EPIDEMIC OF STAGE COACH ROBBERIES AND MURDER! GOLD BULLION SHIPMENTS ARE DISAPPEARIN'!

SOUNDS LIKE A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR US! HAW-HAW-HAW!

BANG! BANG!

IT'S NO LAUGHIN' MATTER, DOODLE. THIS GANG IS DESP... SHOOTING! SOUNDS LIKE A BATTLE... LET'S GO!

HOT LEAD! US RANGE BUSTERS ALWAYS GET A WARM RECEPTION!



TWO MILES AHEAD, THEY HALTED AT THE SCENE OF A BRUTAL ROBBERY AND MURDER...

IT'S A STAGE COACH... WRECKED AND OVERTURNED!

NOT A SIGN OF THE VARMINTS! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOO LATE!

UUGH, FIVE OF 'EM... HAD NO CHANCE... GOLD BULLION GONE... TELL MY WIFE...

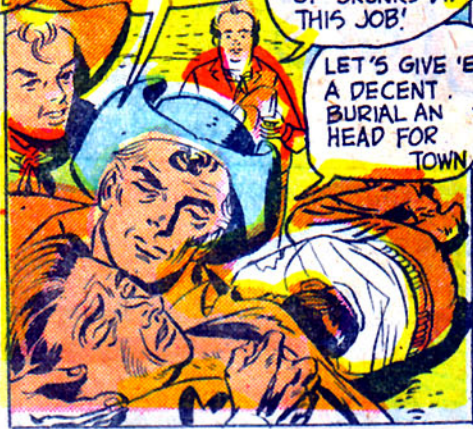
HE'S CASHED HIS CHIPS! POOR DEVIL! THAT CERTAINLY WAS A MEAN AND ROTTEN BUNCH OF SKUNKS DID THIS JOB!

LET'S GIVE 'EM A DECENT BURIAL AN HEAD FOR TOWN

THEY REALLY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON!

AMEN!

REST EASY, FELLERS... WE'LL GET YOUR KILLERS!



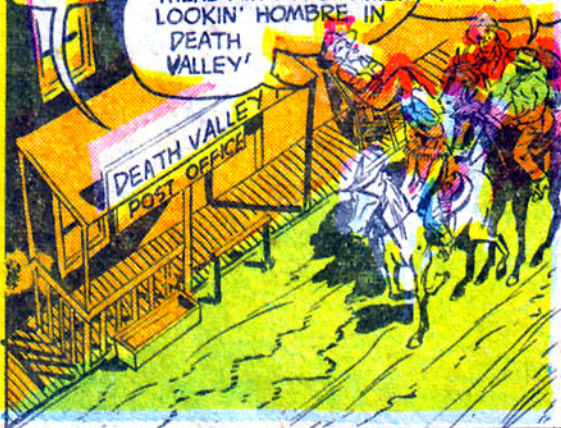
WHERE'S THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AT, MISTER?

WELL, IT'S ABOUT 200 YARDS STRAIGHT AHEAD! YOU'LL FIND WESLEY BITIN' HIS NAILS AN' HITCHIN' HIS BELT... THERE AIN'T A SORRIER LOOKIN' HOMBRE IN DEATH VALLEY!

I RECKON THE LATEST NEWS AIN'T GONNA MAKE HIM NO HAPPIER!

I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU BOYS! I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW DESPERATE AND JUMPY I'VE BE...

BETTER GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, SHERIFF! I'VE GOT POWERFUL BAD NEWS!



THE RANGE BUSTERS BROKE THE NEWS AS GENTLY AS THEY COULD...

HARRY AND PETE! TWO OF THE BEST MEN I EVER HAD! HOW AM I GONNA FACE THEIR FOLKS! I FEEL LIKE TURNIN' MY STAR IN RIGHT NOW!

THAT'S THE EASY WAY OUT, WESLEY! YOU OWE THOSE BOYS SOMETHIN'!

WE PROMISED TO GET THEIR KILLERS AND BY THE GREAT HORNED TOAD WE AIN'T GONNA REST TILL WE DO!

I'M WITH YOU, BOYS IF ANYBODY CAN RUN THOSE COYOTES DOWN, IT'S YOU RANGE BUSTERS! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO LET THE TOWN KNOW THE NEWS NOW!

LISTEN, WESLEY! DON'T LET ANYONE KNOW WE'RE WORKIN' WITH YOU! I HAVE A FEELIN' THE SNAKES' NEST IS RIGHT HERE IN DEATH VALLEY! THE FEWER PEOPLE SAVVY WE'RE HERE, THE BETTER!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

IT'S ANOTHER BLACK DAY FOR DEATH VALLEY, BUT I'M DOIN' THE BEST I...

WELL, IT AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH! WHAT WE NEED IS A REAL SHERIFF! WHY DON'T WE MAKE BRUCE DRUMMOND SHERIFF!



YEAH, WHY DON'T YOU EASE INTO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, MR. DRUMMOND?

NOW FOLKS, YOU KNOW WESLEY IS DOING THE BEST HE CAN! I'M SURE WE COULDN'T FIND A BETTER MAN!

THANK YOU, MR. DRUMMOND! BUT I'LL STEP DOWN IF THE FOLKS ARE AGAINST ME!



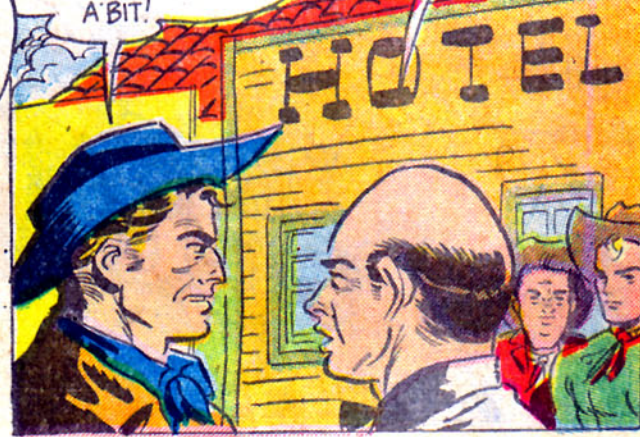
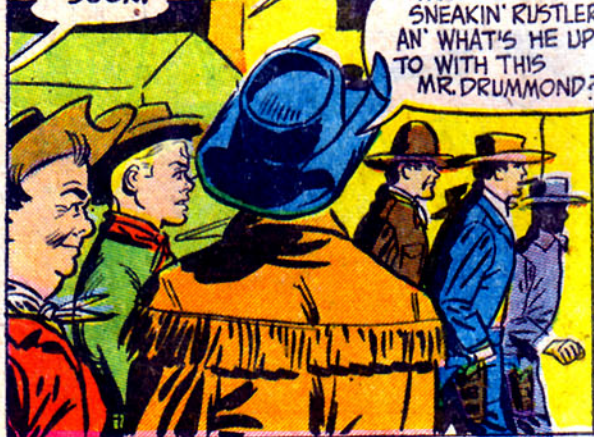
WELL, WE'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE, SHERIFF! BUT THERE BETTER BE SOME RESULTS... REAL SOON!

DID YOU SEE THE CRITTER I SAW, SCOTTY?

YEAH, RUSTY HALE! HE MUST'VE BROKE JAIL IN ARIZONA... THAT LOW-DOWN SNEAKIN' RUSTLER! AN' WHAT'S HE UP TO WITH THIS MR. DRUMMOND?

LOOK, SHERIFF I DON'T FAVOR THE TIE-UP OF THIS RUSTY HALE AN' MR. DRUMMOND! I'M GONNA MOSEY ABOUT A BIT!

BUT I TELL YOU, SCOTT, YOU'RE PLUMB LOCO! MR. DRUMMOND IS OUR LEADIN' CITIZEN AN' THE OWNER OF A NEW BONANZA, THE GOPHER GOLD MINE!



STICK CLOSE TO THE SHERIFF AN' WATCH THE NEXT BULLION SHIPMENT! I'M FOLLOWIN' A SKUNKS TRAIL!

DON'T GET TOO CLOSE TO THAT SKUNK, SCOTTY! YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF YOU DO! HAW! HAW!

ALWAYS PLAYIN' THE LONE WOLF! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME WITH YOU PARD!

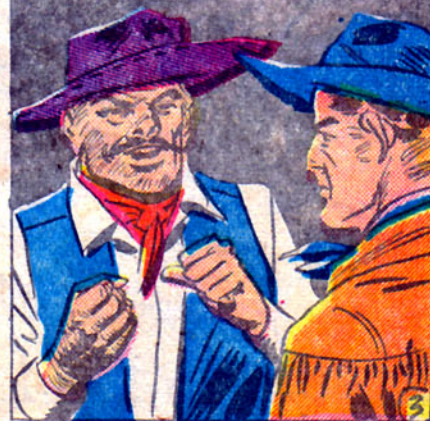
SCOTT FOLLOWED HIS HUNCH...

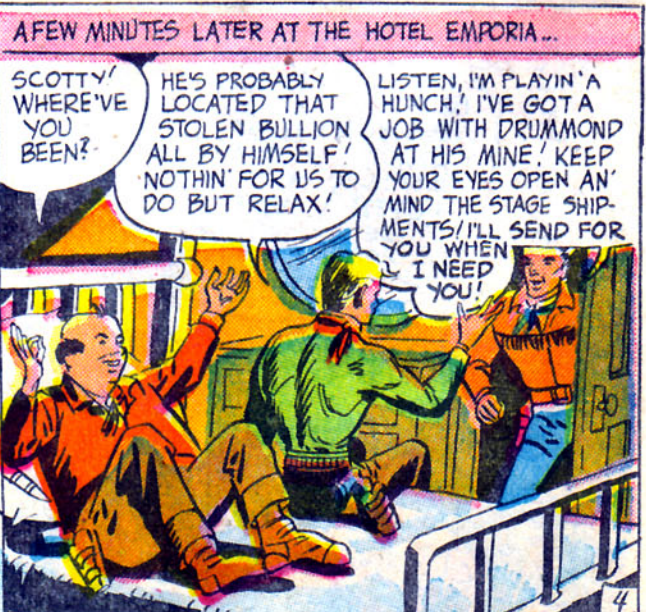
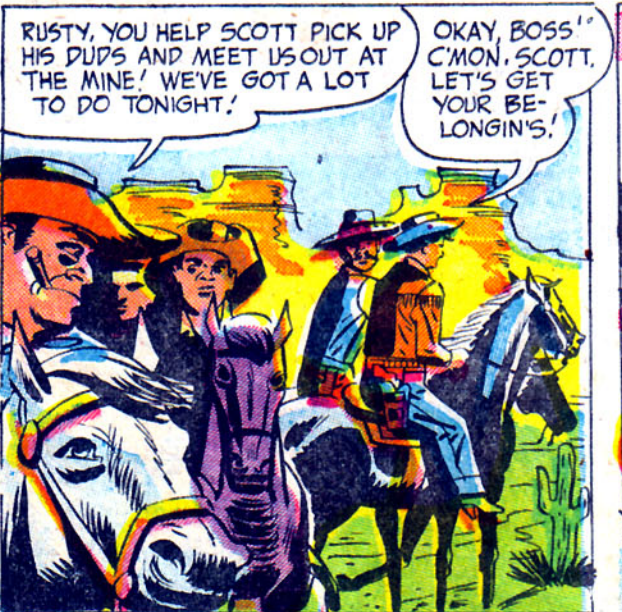
WHY YOU CLUMSY SIDE-WINDIN' CINCH-BUSTER! I OUGHT TO PUT HOLES IN YOU!

SCUSE ME, RUSTY! I DIDN'T MEAN TO BUMP YOU SO HARD!

YOU!! I'M GONNA TEAR YOU APART FOR COMIN' AFTER ME...

YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR IT, RUSTY!





AN HOUR LATER...

SO YOU STILL AIN'T TALKIN'! ALL RIGHT, RUSTY, BUT I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE GOING STRAIGHT. I'LL...

HALT! OKAY INTO THE LIGHT, SO'S I CAN SEE YOU!

'BOUT TIME! NOW YOU TWO STAY OUT HERE! THE BOSS NEEDS ME INSIDE! AN' REMEMBER, DON'T BREAK YOUR NECKS TRYING TO FIND OUT WHAT WERE DOING TILL WERE READY TO SHOW YUH!

ORDERS IS ORDERS! MUST BE SOME-THIN' POWERFUL SECRET! GO AHEAD, ZANE! WE'LL STAND GUARD!

WONDER WHAT THAT MACHINERY IS THEY GOT IN THERE! IT AIN'T MININ' EQUIPMENT, FOR CERTAIN!

I FIGURE THEY DON'T TRUST YOU EITHER, RUSTY, SOMETHIN' MIGHTY FUNNY'S GOIN' ON HERE!!

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME! YOU'RE BARKIN' UP THE WRONG TREE I TELL YOU!



SCOTT WAS UNABLE TO PROBE THE MYSTERY SURROUNDING THE MINE EITHER THAT NIGHT OR THE NEXT! BUT ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE THIRD DAY...

WE GOT A LITTLE JOB, TODAY! IF YOU BOYS PLAY IT RIGHT, WE'LL LET YOU IN ON THE SECRET! LET'S RIDE!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GETTIN' READY FOR ANOTHER BULLION JOB! I HOPE CHIP AND DOODLE ARE READY FOR THEM!

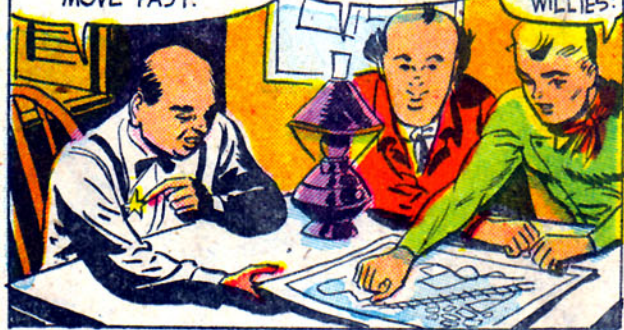


IN THE MEANTIME, CHIP AND DOODLE WERE LAYING THEIR PLANS TO GUARD THE STAGE...

YOU CAN WATCH THE STAGE ALL THE WAY FROM THE PLAIN AN' STILL BE HIDDEN BY THE TREE LINE! BUT STICK CLOSE! THOSE BUZZARDS MOVE FAST!

YEAH, WE'LL PROBABLY GET A SHIPMENT OF HOT LEAD IN EXCHANGE FOR THIS BULLION! BUT THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE TRYIN'!

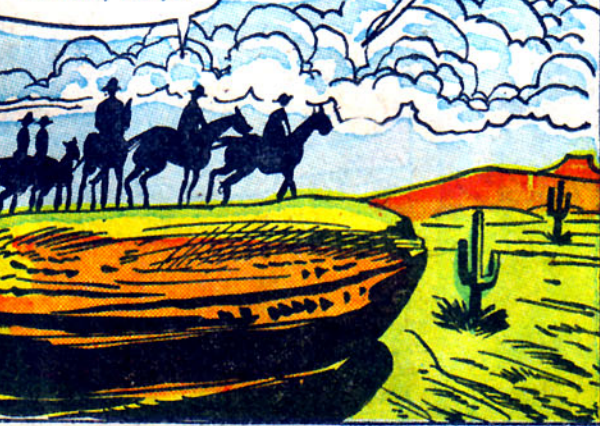
DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! YOU GIVE ME THE WILLIES!



BACK WITH THE DRUMMOND GANG...

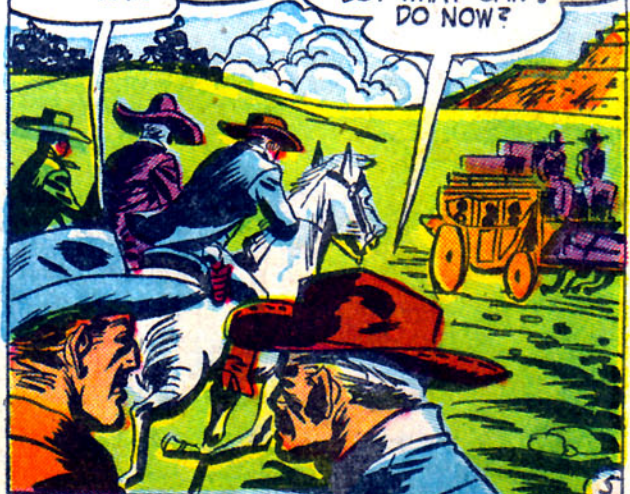
ALL RIGHT, THEY WILL BE ALONG IN A MINUTE! YOU TWO STAY IN THAT BUCKBOARD AND WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL! C'MON, BOYS!

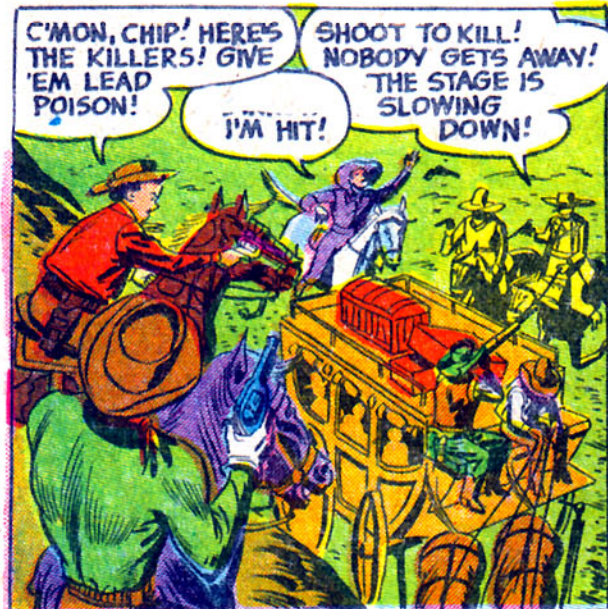
GIT YOUR BANDANAS UP!



SO THAT'S THE GAME! I HOPE DOODLE AN' CHIP COME THROUGH OKAY!

I SWEAR I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS LETTING MYSELF IN FOR STAGE HOLDUPS, BUT WHAT CAN I DO NOW?

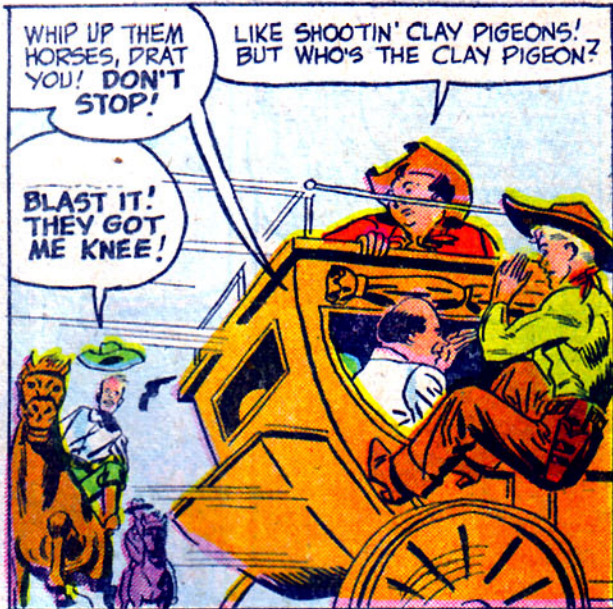




C'MON, CHIP! HERE'S THE KILLERS! GIVE 'EM LEAD POISON!

I'M HIT!

SHOOT TO KILL! NOBODY GETS AWAY! THE STAGE IS SLOWING DOWN!



WHIP UP THEM HORSES, DRAT YOU! DON'T STOP!

LIKE SHOOTIN' CLAY PIGEONS! BUT WHO'S THE CLAY PIGEON?

BLAST IT! THEY GOT ME KNEE!



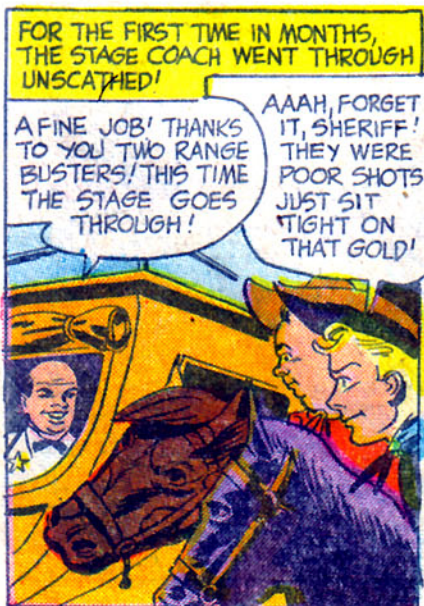
BACK, BACK! IT'S GETTING TOO HOT AND TWO OF YOU ARE WOUNDED ALREADY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN'! I'LL SIGNAL RUSTY AND SCOTT!



GIT! GIT! HEAD FOR THE MINE! WE'VE BEEN DUSTED! SOME HOMBRES DOWN THERE... WHO CAN SHOOT YOUR EYETEETH OUT!

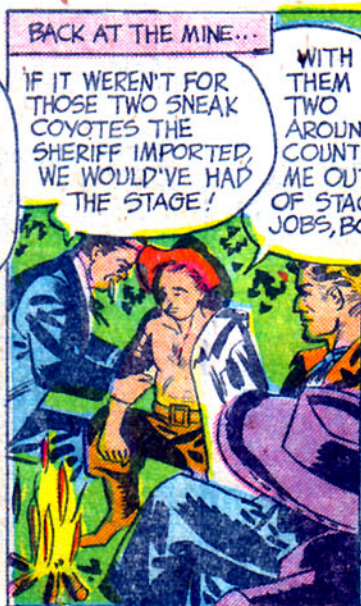
WE SAW THE WHOLE THING! THOSE BOY SURE CAN THROW LEAD!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS, THE STAGE COACH WENT THROUGH UNSCATHED!

A FINE JOB! THANKS TO YOU TWO RANGE BUSTERS! THIS TIME THE STAGE GOES THROUGH!

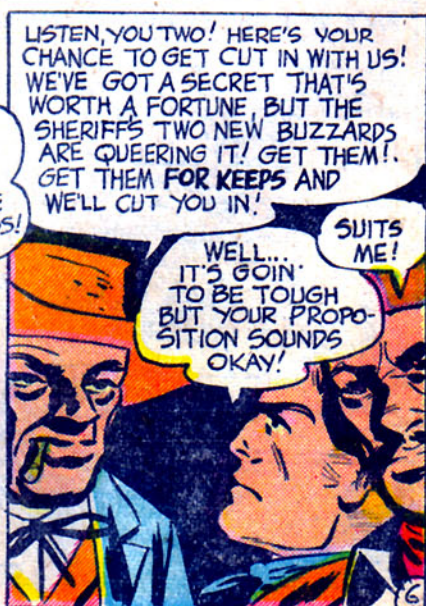
AAAH, FORGET IT, SHERIFF! THEY WERE POOR SHOTS! JUST SIT TIGHT ON THAT GOLD!



BACK AT THE MINE...

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE TWO SNEAK COVOTES THE SHERIFF IMPORTED, WE WOULD'VE HAD THE STAGE!

WITH THEM TWO AROUND, COUNT ME OUT OF STAGE JOBS, BOSS!



LISTEN, YOU TWO! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO GET CUT IN WITH US! WE'VE GOT A SECRET THAT'S WORTH A FORTUNE, BUT THE SHERIFF'S TWO NEW BUZZARDS ARE QUEERING IT! GET THEM! GET THEM FOR KEEPS AND WE'LL CUT YOU IN!

WELL... IT'S GOIN' TO BE TOUGH BUT YOUR PROPOSITION SOUNDS OKAY!

SUITS ME!

IF YOU GOT ANY NOTION TO PUT HOLES IN MY PARDNERS, JUST YOU FORGET IT! I'VE GOTTA FIGURE ME ANOTHER WAY OUT OF THIS, SAVVY?

I'M SADDLE-BUSTED! YOU'RE MAKIN' THE RULES, SO I'LL WAIT TILL YOU THINK IT OUT!

WELL, I'LL BE A GALLOPIN' HORNE'D TOAD! SO DRUMMOND'S BEHIND THE WHOLE BUSINESS!

RIGHT BUT I GOT TO GET INTO THAT MINE FIRST!

THEY MUST HAVE SOME DIRTY DEALIN' GOIN' ON IN THERE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? HEAT GOT YOU?

NOPE! BUT I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE GOIN' AFTER YOU'RE HIDES! I GOTTA FAKE HAVING BEEN IN A FIGHT WITH THE TWO OF YOU! NOW TEAR MY SHIRT A BIT!

I'LL GIT THIS RUSTY CRITTER AND HOLD HIM TILL YOU WANT HIM!

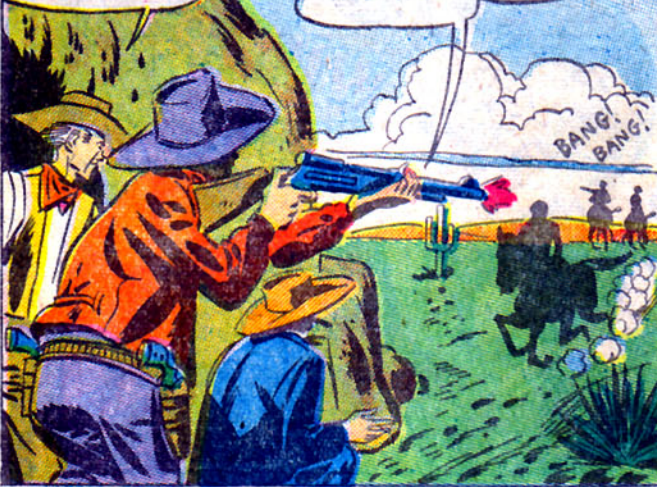


ALL RIGHT! NOW, CHASE ME TILL WE GET NEAR THE MINE! KEEP SHOOTIN' AND THEN TURN OFF! MEET ME THERE IN AN HOUR! MAKE SURE YOU HIDE RUSTY OUT, SHERIFF! THEY'LL BE AFTER HIM TO SEE THAT HE DON'T TALK!

JUST HOPE MY AIM IS GOOD ENOUGH TO MISS YOU, SCOTTY! HAW! HAW!

THEY'RE AFTER SCOTT, BOSS! WHAT'LL I DO!

FIRE AT THEM! JUST KEEP THEM AWAY FROM HERE! BLAST THAT FOOL FOR LEADING THEM THIS WAY!



HEY... DRUMMOND... PUFF... IT'S ME! THEY ALMOST SKINNED ME ALIVE!

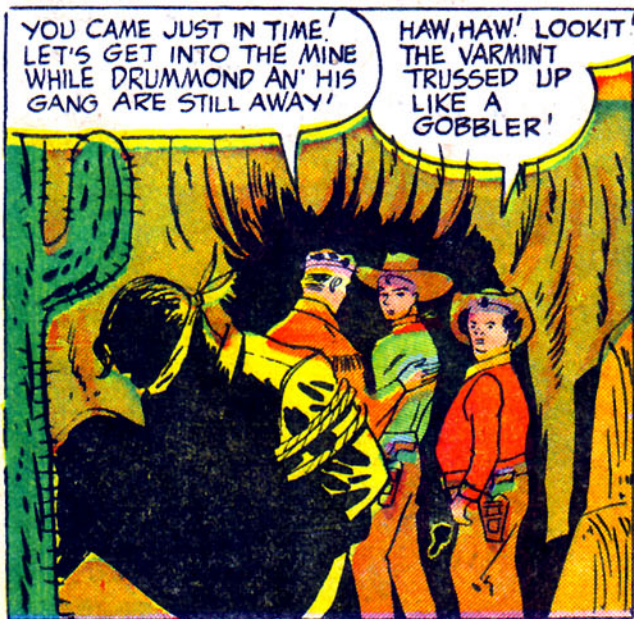
WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE'S RUSTY?

BANG! BANG!

WE GOT IN A FIGHT! THEY GRABBED RUSTY AN' I HIGHTAILED IT! THEY ALMOST GOT ME! I HOPE RUSTY KEEPS HIS MOUTH SHUT!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT! ZANE, YOU STAY HERE WITH SCOTT! WALLY AND FORD, YOU COME WITH ME! WE'VE GOT TO SHUT RUSTY'S TRAP!

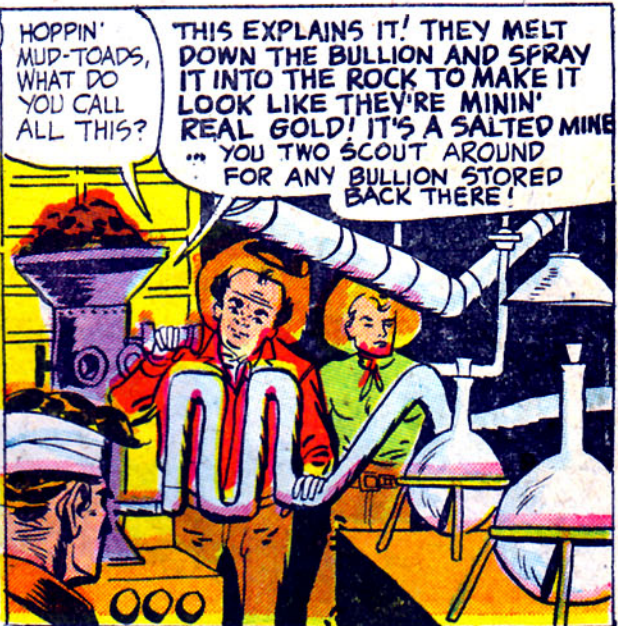






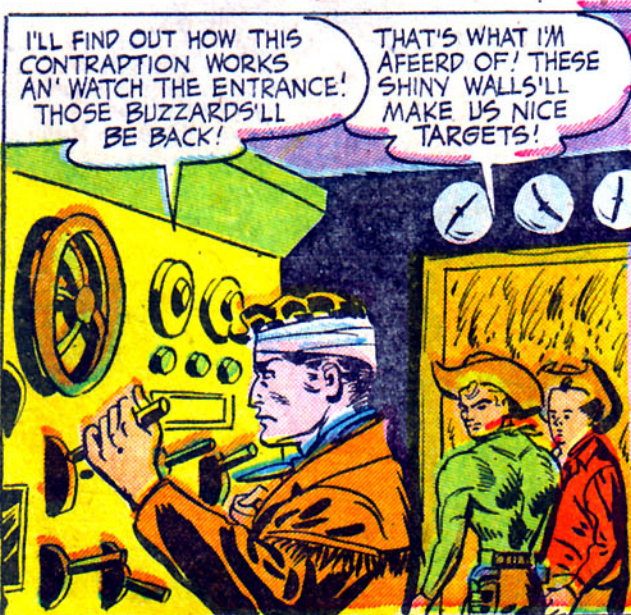
WHEW! WHAT A LAYOUT
NO WONDER DRUMMOND
KEPT SUCH A TIGHT
GUARD ON IT!

LOOK AT THAT LABORA-
TORY! THAT'S WHERE
HE MUST HANDLE ALL
THAT GOLD BULLION!



HOPPIN'
MUD-TOADS,
WHAT DO
YOU CALL
ALL THIS?

THIS EXPLAINS IT! THEY MELT
DOWN THE BULLION AND SPRAY
IT INTO THE ROCK TO MAKE IT
LOOK LIKE THEY'RE MININ'
REAL GOLD! IT'S A SALTED MINE
"YOU TWO SCOUT AROUND
FOR ANY BULLION STORED
BACK THERE!"



I'LL FIND OUT HOW THIS
CONTRAPTION WORKS
AN' WATCH THE ENTRANCE!
THOSE BUZZARDS'LL
BE BACK!

THAT'S WHAT I'M
AFERD OF! THESE
SHINY WALLS'LL
MAKE US NICE
TARGETS!



HEY, WHAT'S THAT! DRUMMOND
IS BACK! DOODLE, CHIP! LIE
LOW! I'M TURNING OFF
THE LIGHTS!

ZANE SAID
THEY WERE
IN THE
MINE! C'MON,
THEY'RE DEAD
DUCKS!



THEY'RE CAUGHT LIKE
RATS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

IF THIS THING
ONLY WORKS!



IT WORKS! COME
ON YOUR SHARE OF
HOT GOLD!

YEOW! I'M
BURNING UP!
LET ME OUT
OF HERE!

HELP!
HELP!
I GIVE
UP! SHUT
THAT
THING
OFF!



THAT WAS A
BRAINSTORM
YOU HAD THERE,
SCOTTY!

AFTER 'EM!
I DON'T
THINK
THERE'S
MUCH FIGHT
LEFT IN ANY
OF THEM!



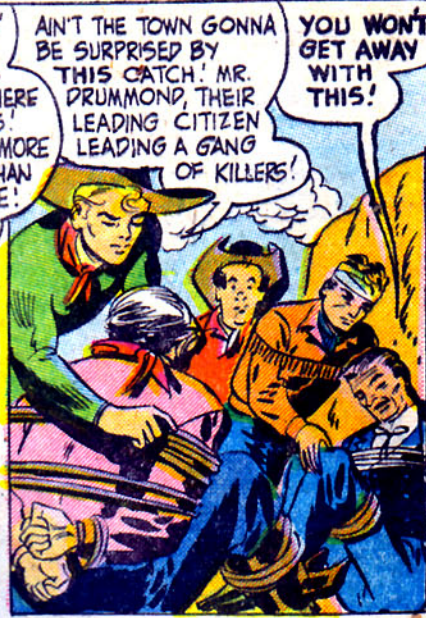
SPLASH!

EYEEE,
I'M BURNING
UP!

HELP
ME
SOME-
BODY...

WE'LL
HELP
YOU...

HAW, HAW!
THERE'S
GOLD IN -
THEM THERE
SKUNKS!
WORTH MORE
DEAD THAN
ALIVE!



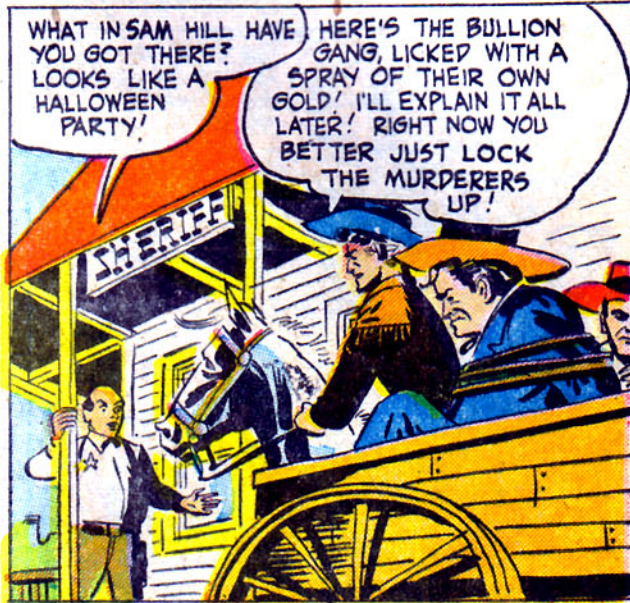
AIN'T THE TOWN GONNA
BE SURPRISED BY
THIS CATCH! MR.
DRUMMOND, THEIR
LEADING CITIZEN
LEADING A GANG
OF KILLERS!

YOU WON'T
GET AWAY
WITH
THIS!



WE FOUND A WHOLE CACHE
OF BULLION IN THE REAR
OF THE MINE, JUST BEFORE
THE SHOOTIN' STARTED!

GOOD, THAT WILL BE
MORE EVIDENCE
FOR THE
SHERIFF!



WHAT IN SAM HILL HAVE
YOU GOT THERE?
LOOKS LIKE A
HALLOWEEN
PARTY!

HERE'S THE BULLION
GANG, LICKED WITH A
SPRAY OF THEIR OWN
GOLD! I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL
LATER! RIGHT NOW YOU
BETTER JUST LOCK
THE MURDERERS
UP!



LATER...

THIS BEATS
ALL HANNAH!
BUT I'M POWER-
FUL GLAD YOU
BOYS CLEANED UP
THIS MESS! I SURE
NEVER COULD'VE DONE
IT MYSELF!

THAT'S THE STORY,
SHERIFF! YOU'LL FIND A
STACK OF BULLION IN THE
REAR OF THE MINE!
WELL, RECKON WE'LL
BE OFF NOW!



DON'T FORGET
TO STOP BACK
SOME TIME,
RANGE BUSTERS!

WE SURE WILL,
SHERIFF! ANY-
TIME YOU
HAVE ANY
TROUBLE
JUST CALL
US!

CAN'T YOU EVER GET US
INVITED TO A DANCE OR
SOMETHIN' SCOTTY?
ALWAYS TROUBLE!
YOUR AMBITION IS
GONNA BE THE DEATH
OF US ALL ONE OF THESE
DAYS! HAW, HAW, HAW!

THE END

The SAGA of JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

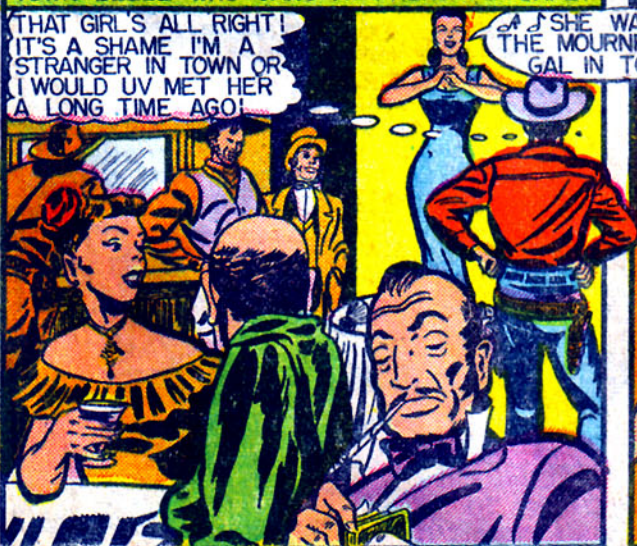
JOHN WESLEY HARDIN WAS THE WORST AND MOST DEADLY OF THE WESTERN BADMEN!

FAST AS GREASED LIGHTNING WITH HIS SIX-GUNS, HE WAS THE MOST IMPLACABLE KILLER OF THE SOUTHWEST!



EL PASO, TEXAS, AND JOHN WESLEY HARDIN WAS MAKING HIS CLAIM TO JOAN SOHOE, THE TOWN BELLE WHO SANG AT FRENCHY'S CAFE!

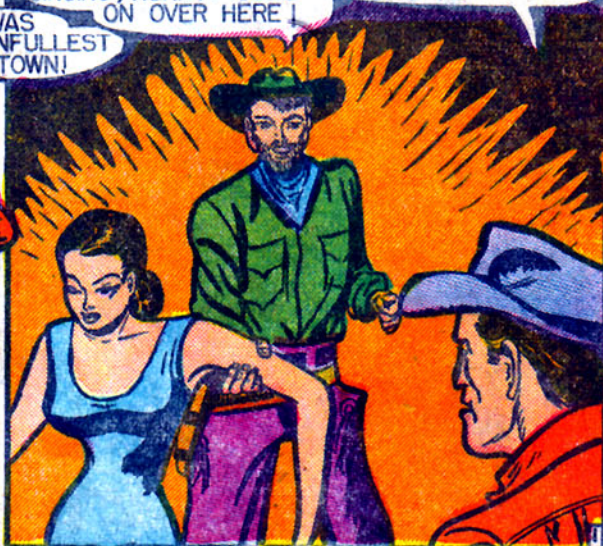
THAT GIRL'S ALL RIGHT! IT'S A SHAME I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN OR I WOULD UV MET HER A LONG TIME AGO!



A SHE WAS THE MOURNFULLEST GAL IN TOWN!

THAT WAS PURTY SINGING, HONEY! COME ON OVER HERE!

THAT RANNIE'S RIDING FOR A FALL!





STEP DOWN HERE AND GIVE ME A KISS, HONEY!

LET GO OF MY ARM!

I'LL CRACK HIS SKULL!



NOW DON'T BE LIKE THAT, YOUR'E JUST ONE OF----

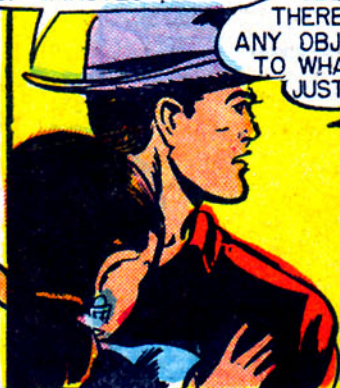
AGHHR!

CRACK!

YOU ASKED FOR THAT, RANNIE! IF'N YA GOT ANY FRIENDS HERE, I'LL DO THE SAME FOR THEM TOO!

THANKS, STRANGER! SUPPOSE WE SIT DOWN AND TALK FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES!

SURE, GAL! FIRST I WANNA SEE IF THERE ARE ANY OBJECTIONS, TO WHAT I JUST DONE!



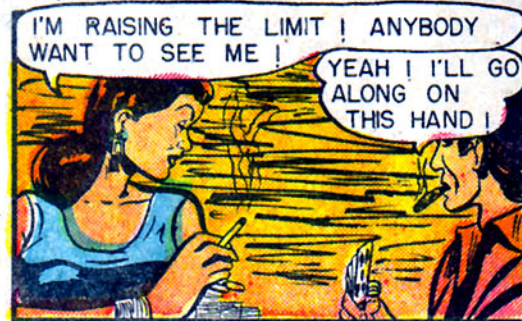
A FEW MINUTES LATER---

I'M STAKING A CLAIM, GAL! I'M JOHN WESELY HARDIN AND I AIM TO ELIMINATE ANY COMPETITION! I MIGHT RUN INTO!



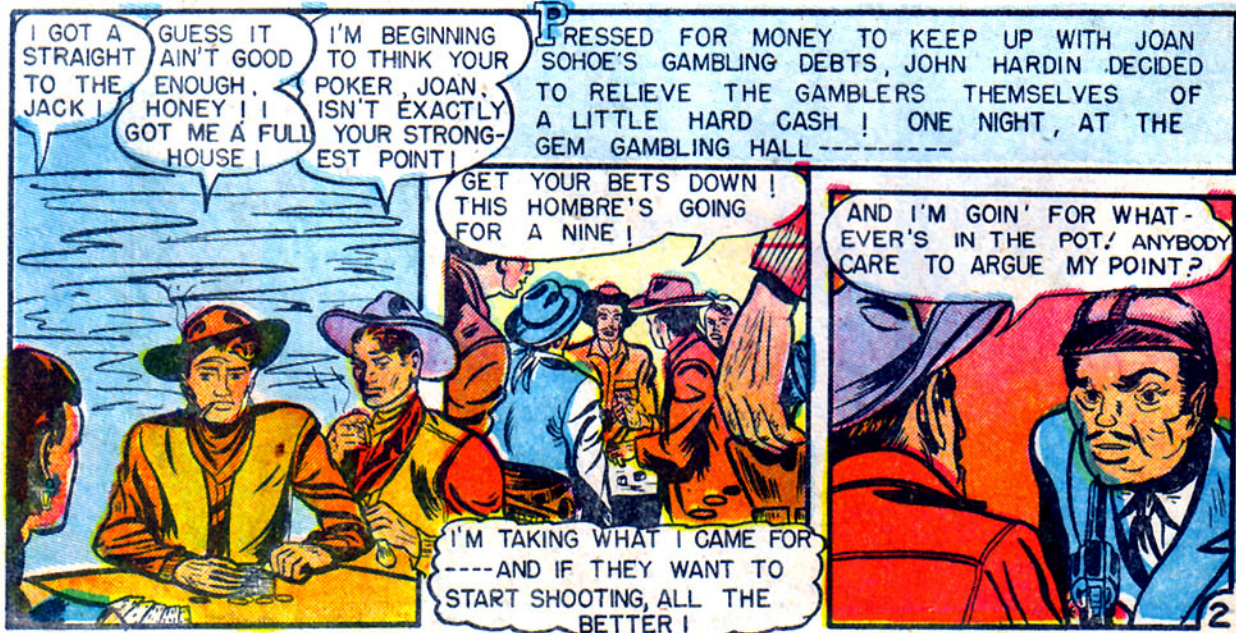
YOU'RE GOING TO FIND THAT I LIKE TO BE ENTERTAINED, AND THAT YOUR CLAIM IS GOING TO BE AN EXPENSIVE ONE!

THE SINGER, JOAN SOHOE, WAS AN EXPENSIVE ITEM AS JOHN HARDIN SOON FOUND OUT! SHE GAMBLERD HIS MONEY FREELY, AND HER BILLS PILED UP!



I'M RAISING THE LIMIT! ANYBODY WANT TO SEE ME!

YEAH! I'LL GO ALONG ON THIS HAND!



I GOT A STRAIGHT TO THE JACK!

GUESS IT AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH, HONEY! I GOT ME A FULL HOUSE!

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOUR POKER, JOAN, ISN'T EXACTLY YOUR STRONGEST POINT!

PRESSED FOR MONEY TO KEEP UP WITH JOAN SOHOE'S GAMBLING DEBTS, JOHN HARDIN DECIDED TO RELIEVE THE GAMBLERS THEMSELVES OF A LITTLE HARD CASH! ONE NIGHT, AT THE GEM GAMBLING HALL-----

GET YOUR BETS DOWN! THIS HOMBRE'S GOING FOR A NINE!

I'M TAKING WHAT I CAME FOR ----AND IF THEY WANT TO START SHOOTING, ALL THE BETTER!

AND I'M GOIN' FOR WHATEVER'S IN THE POT! ANYBODY CARE TO ARGUE MY POINT?

THUS DID JOHN WESLEY HARDIN OBTAIN THE MONEY NECESSARY TO SATISFY THE EXPENSIVE TASTES OF JOAN SOHOE!

LATER, HOWEVER, WHEN HARDIN LEFT TOWN FOR A FEW DAYS, THE SOHOE WOMAN GOT INTO A BRAWL WITH ONE OF THE CABARET GIRLS, AND YOUNG PEACE OFFICER JOHN SELMAN, JR. TOOK A HAND.....

I'M GOING TO LOCK YOU AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS, MISS....UNTIL YOUR TEMPER COOLS OFF!

WHEN HARDIN HEARS ABOUT THIS HE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!



THE LAW IS THE LAW, MISS SOHOE! YOU WERE OUT TO HURT THAT WOMAN... SO THE PLACE FOR YOU IS IN JAIL!

HA...THAT POSSE WILL NEVER CATCH UP WITH HARDIN...AND AS FOR THE LAW, IT MEANS NOTHING TO HARDIN!

AND IN THAT ONE RESPECT, JOAN SOHOE WAS RIGHT... THE LAW HAD COME TO MEAN LITTLE TO JOHN WESLEY HARDIN! BUT IN THE END HE WAS TO LEARN THAT HIS DISREGARD FOR THE LAW WAS TO BE HIS DOWNFALL!



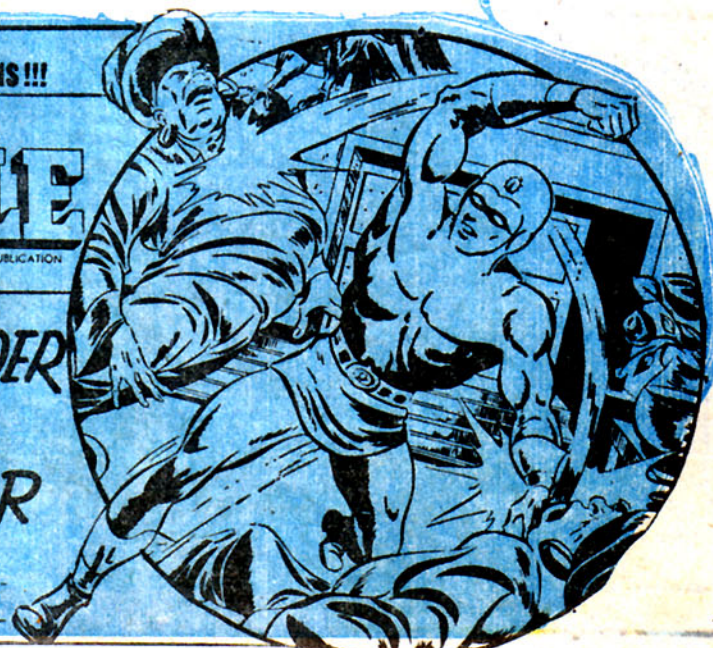
EXTRA!! the BLUE BEETLE RETURNS!!!

THE BLUE BEETLE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

AMERICA'S CRUSADER
OF
LAW AND ORDER

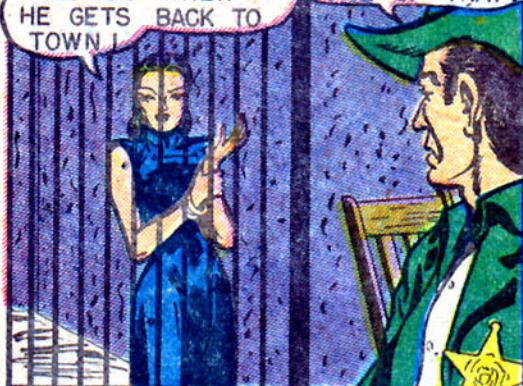
10¢ NOW AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND! 10¢



LATER, AT THE JAIL-----

LET ME OUT OF
HERE I HARDIN'LL
KILL YOU WHEN
HE GETS BACK TO
TOWN!

NO, HE WON'T!
YOU CAN BE
SURE OF THAT!



WHAT'S GOING TO
HAPPEN WHEN
HARDIN GETS
BACK!

I'M NOT
WAITING FOR
HIM TO GET
BACK TO TOWN!
I'M GOING
OUT AFTER
HIM!



WHEN
JOHN WESLEY
HARDIN RE-
TURNED TO
EL PASO, HE
BAILED OUT
JOAN SOHOE
AND VOWED
AN ETERNAL
VENGEANCE
AGAINST ALL
MALE MEM-
BERS OF
THE SELMAN
FAMILY----

THERE'S THE BAIL, JUDGE!
AND IF YA SEE ANY OF THE
SELMAN'S GIVE THEM MY
ADVICE TO STAY OUT OF
TOWN LIKE JOHN SELMAN
OR ELSE TO
COME AT ME
SHOOTING!

I SUSPECT THAT
OLD JOHN SELMAN
WON'T TURN THAT
INVITATION DOWN!



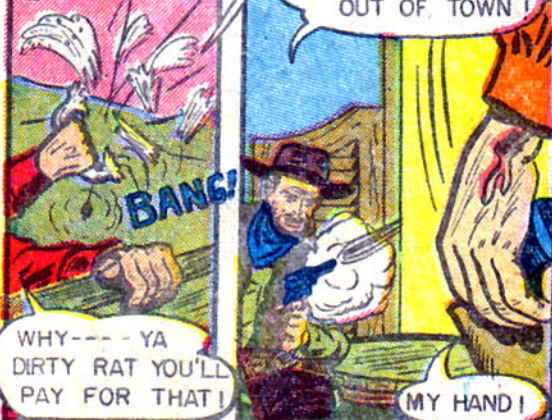
THE OLD MAN'S GOT
MORE NERVE THAN I
THOUGHT HE HAD! HE
DIDN'T LEAVE TOWN!
I'LL FINISH THIS AND
TAKE CARE OF HIM!



KERRASH!

LET'S SEE IF YER AS
TOUGH AS THEY SAY YA
ARE, HARDIN! DRAW!

NO MAN IS GONNA
RUN A SON OF MINE
OUT OF TOWN!



WHY--- YA
DIRTY RAT YOU'LL
PAY FOR THAT!

MY HAND!

I'LL GET YA YET----OLD MAN-
---AGH!

BANG!



YOU AIN'T COMING
BACK FROM THIS
RIDE, HARDIN!

THUS DID
JOHN WESLEY
HARDIN MEET
HIS DEMISE,
BOWING TO
THE LEAD-
THROWING
OF A MAN
ALMOST
TWICE HIS
AGE----
AND WITH
TWICE AS
MUCH
COURAGE!



HEY KIDS!!

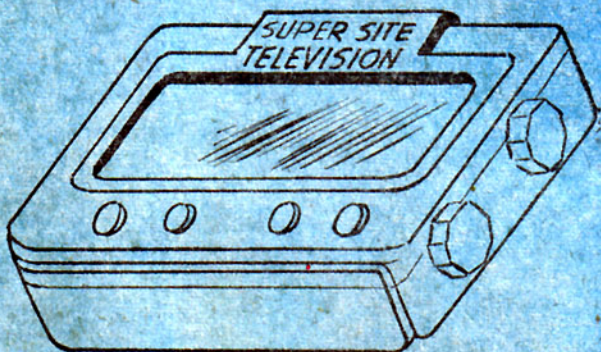
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5. Howdy Doody Goes Hunting for Rabbits
6. Howdy Doody in the Side Show
7. Howdy Doody Goes to Mars
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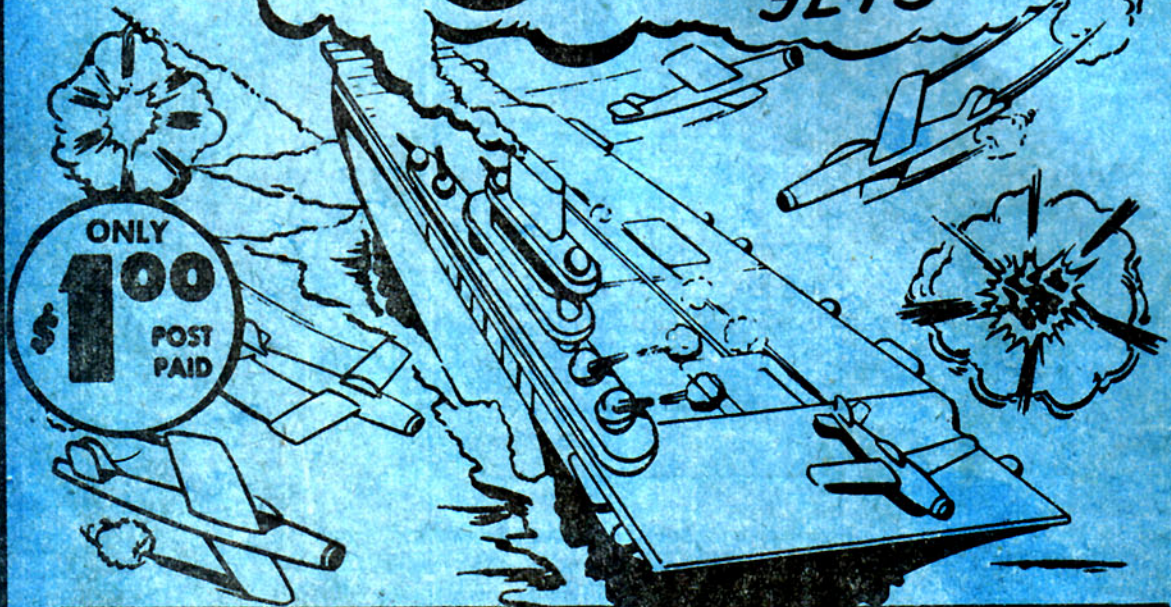
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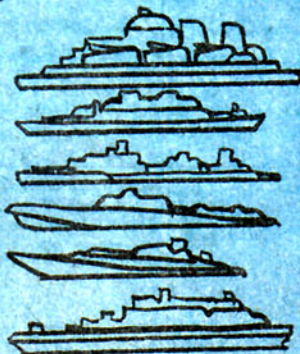


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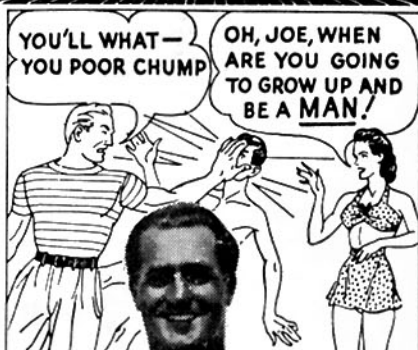
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—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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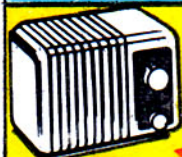
I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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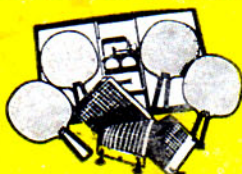


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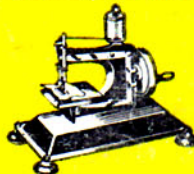
BOYS' OR GIRLS
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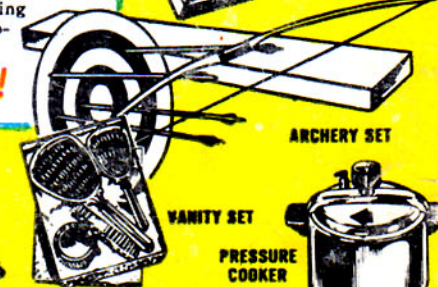
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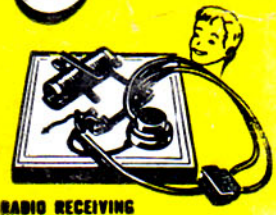
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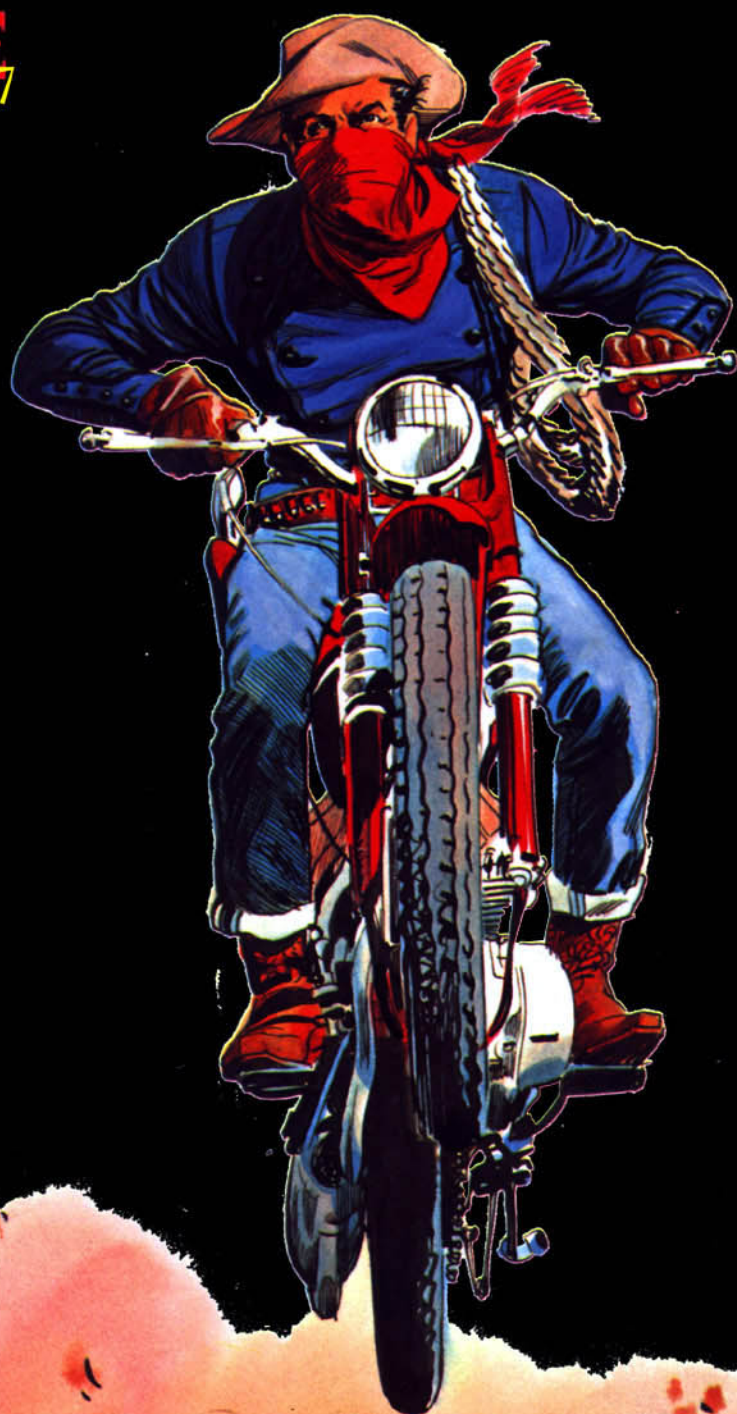
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